

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

HI-HEEL SNEAKERS

FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE

SWEET DARLIN' * LOVE CHILD

WHO'S MAKING LOVE

CHEWY CHEWY

ABRAHAM, MARTIN & JOHN

BRING IT ON HOME TO ME

ALWAYS TOGETHER

DO SOMETHING TO ME

TAKEME FOR A LITTLE WHILE

THE YARD WENT ON FOREVER

CROWN OF CREATION

KENTUCKY WOMAN

I'M IN A DIFFERENT WORLD

MAGIC CARPET RIDE

ALL ALONG THE

KEEP ON LOVIN' ME HONEY

EVERYBODY GOT TO BELIEVE IN SOMEBODY

HOLD ME TIGHT

BEATLES' BIG APPLE

CLAPTON REVEALS CREAM SPLIT!!

KENSINGTON MARKET
LINN COUNTY
BARBARA AKLIN
DEEP PURPLE



A deep new groove is being etched in sound by the Houston Fearless! When they want to lay down a unique, heavy sound, how do they make it? With Sunn! It's a natural. Sunn provides a sound basis of rugged reliability, soaring power, dazzling clarity and exacting reproduction. That's total sound! It's also the beginning of your expansion into new realms of music.

Many great groups, like Houston Fearless, rely on the total sound of Sunn amps and sound systems. Why don't you? See your nearest Sunn Sound Dealer.

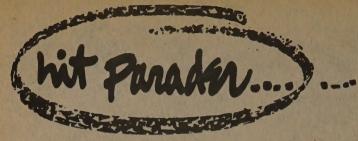




One of the exciting young sounds of Ludwig Total Percussion

LUDWIG DRUM CO.

1728 North Damen Avenue • Chicago, Illinois 60647



MARCH 1969

EXECUTIVE EDITOR/Patrick Masulli EDITOR/Jim Delehant

ART DIRECTOR/ David L'Heureux ASSISTANTS/Pam Skowronski Rosemarie Minnix Granny

CORRESPONDENTS/Valerie Wilmer, London Larry Leblanc, Canada Steve Cropper, Memphis Pete Johnson, Los Angeles Ellen Sander, New York Charlie McCov. Nashville

6/THE SCENE KNIX FM Radio

8/WE READ YOUR MAIL Notes From Above Ground

9/ERIC CLAPTON On The Cream Split

12/PAUL MCCARTNEY Speaks His Mind

14/JOHN SEBASTIAN On The Road Again

17/ARTHUR BROWN The Left Hand Of Satan

19/STEPPENWOLF Their Whole Story

22/BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD Last Time Around

24/WHITE BLUES Say You Want A Revolution

35/PICTURES I HEAR New Beatles Record

36/APPLE 1988 A Year For Nostalgia

38/MARY HOPKIN First Appleseed

40/MICK JAGGER The Stones And Censorship

42/CARL WILSON Interview With A Beach Boy

44/RHINOCEROS Elektra's New Super Group

47/BUDDY MILES Leader Of The Express

48/SHOPPING BAG Groovy Gadgets

50/BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS Rehearsing The New Band

54/ALAN PRICE The Reluctant Hitmaker

56/KENSINGTON MARKET From Canada

58/MY FAVORITE RECORDS by Felix Pappalardi

59/TEMPO Bobby Scott Talks To Jim Delehant

60/NEW STARS ON THE HORIZON Linn County, Barbara Acklin,

Ten Years After, Deep Purple

63/PLATTER CHATTER Some Roots On Records

PHOTO CREDITS: Bob Campbell 44, 45. Valerie Wilmer 54.

HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Division St., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943, at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1968 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Annual subscription \$3.50; 24 issues \$6.50. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Vol. XXVIII, No. 56, March, 1969. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions, territories and Canada only. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office, 529 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: EAST and MIDWEST – Robert M. Petit (Advertising Sales Manager), 529, Fifty Ave., 10017 (212-TN7-2266); WEST COAST-Murray Bothwell, 2801 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90057 (213) 387-9047; Joe D. Taylor 806-16th Ave. South, Suite 210, Nashville Tenn. 37203 (615) 255-8497.

THE YARD WENT ON FOREVER



By Richard Harris

•WHO'S MAKING LOVE



By Johnny Taylor

• ABRAHAM, MARTIN & JOHN



By Dion

We're Name Droppers

MAMAS & PAPAS STEPPENWOLF GRASSROOTS MAMA CASS WINGS



DS-50029 - "STEPPENWOLF"



THE SECOND



DS-50040 - "MAMA CASS (Dream A Little Dream)



DS-50046 - "WINGS"

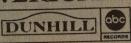


DS-50047 - "GOLDEN GRASS" - The Grass Roots



DS-50038 - "THE MAMAS & PAPAS GOLDEN ERA-VOLLIME II"

AND EVERYONE HEAVY!



DUNHILL RECORDS INC./ NEW YORK-BEVERLY HILLS/ A SUBSIDIARY OF ABC RECORDS, INC., 1330 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.





... and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can HAVE It!

JUST tell me, in coupon below, the kind of body you want-and I'll give it to you SO FAST your friends will be amazed! I'll show you how you can become a NEW MAN in just 15 minutes a day- in your own home — or it won't cost you a penny!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-ib. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls made fun of me. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic-Tension." It turned me into such a specimen of MANHOOD that I won the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

DEVELOPED MAN."

"DYNAMIC-TENSION" — that's my secret!
When you look in the mirror and see a healthy,
husky fellow smiling back at you—then you'll
realize how fast "Dynomic-Iension" GETS RESULTS. That's because it's the natural method
you can practice in your own room — JUST
15 MINUTES A DAY — while your chest and
shoulder muscles begin to swell ..., those
arms and legs of yours bulge ... and your
whole body starts to feel "alive" — full of zip
and go — INSIDE and OUT!

My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book Not \$1.00-Not 10¢-But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make you a new man. 32 pages, packed with photos, valuable advice, answers to vital questions. I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE if you rush coupon to me personally.

Charles Atlas, Dp. 2853



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2853
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010
Dear Charles Atlas—Here's the Kind of Body I Want:
(Check as many as you like)
☐ Broader Chest, Shoulders ☐ More Powerful Arms ☐ Slimmer Waist, Hips ☐ More Powerful Legs ☐ More Weight, Solid ☐ Better Energy
Send me, absolutely FREE, a copy of your fa- mous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.
Print Name
Address
City & Zip State



KNIX FM STEREO - 102.5 ON THE DIAL

L came to KNIX FM Radio in Phoenix from a top 40 station in San Diego, California. Our reason for switching to progressive rock is that Phoenix is a new area to this field and has not been exposed too much to the "underground" music. Our goal is simply to expose these people here and try and show them what is going on instead of pulling the wool over their eyes to this music.

Our music is a 50/50 deal. Half my knowledge with my album marked cuts included, and 50% from the individual jox taste, requests, or mood.

The Jox are as follows: Conrad Rocquemore (Andrew Moore) 6 a.m. to 12n. The Warlock (Bill Bard) 12 to 6 p.m. The John (myself) 6pm to 12am and Ambrose Meicalf (Dusty Baker) 12mid to 6 am. We currently have one extra man who works weekends (Maxwell) but will shortly have another part-time man.

In my opinion, there is a strong chance that FM may surpass AM listening, but coming from a top 40 station, I can't say that it will 'kill' AM listening but will merely have a great impact on it. The area is still very new and there are an awful lot of young people who don't even realize what an FM dial is or what an FM station is particularly an "underground" one. Personally, I hate to use that term seeing that it is so overdone. but it seems to fit. I would rather call us a "Contemporary Progressive Rock"

I couldn't possibly say how many listeners we have, but I am sure it is picking up very rapidly as more and more new listeners are calling saying that they heard it from a friend or read an ad and thought they would try it (us). Our station is currently applying for a huge boost in power (100,000 watts) so this should take care of any technical difficulties we may have right now. It will also be a matter of about 3 months before we get new studios, a new antenna site, and the increase in power. Currently, I would have to say that we are getting by with a minimum of equipment seeing how it is a small operation but with many big ideas.

I would have to say that we have about 4 goals here as a new FM in

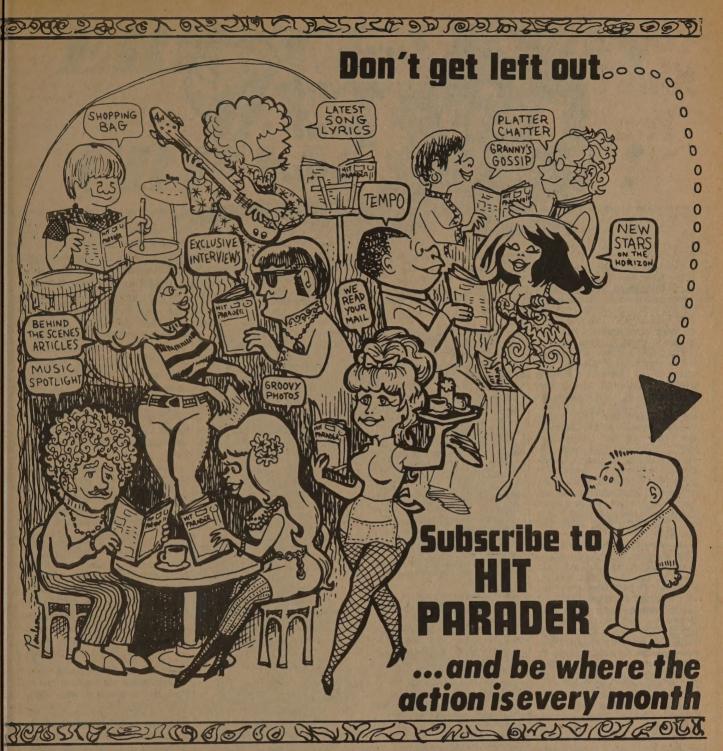
1) Play the music the people want to hear whether they be hippies 17 and up, or music teachers (which I have personally talked to) 50 and down. Our main flow would have to be between 16 and 35.

2) Involvement, which is a big word in my opinion for any radio station. Involvement in such ways as love-ins, pop festivals, shows, and mainly any type of music involvement with the people.

3) Less jockey talk unless we have something specific to say whether it be about the specific group in question, a love-in, or just anything we may personally feel would be pertinent to our audience.

4) Less commerical ads (8 min. max. per hour) with no shouting ads or shouting excited jox, just simple easy flow in delivery basically like we would talk to anyone on the street or at a park. There is also one short, concise 5 min. (ABC Net) at 15 after newscast the hour. Djohn sardella, program director





Special Money-Saving Offer!

\$350 for 12 BIG ISSUES

\$650 for 24 BIG ISSUES

CHARLTON BI	JILDING, DERBY,	CONN.
Gentlemen:		
	3.50 for 12 issues (one years) 6.50 for 24 issues (two years)	
Canada	Add 25% - Foreign 50%	
☐ New subscription	(check one)	Renewal
Please enter my	subscription to HIT PA	RADER today.
Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip



Dear Editor:

I've been reading HP for quite some time and find it very informative, good, and so forth. I am a musician who is into a lot of kinds of music, so I thought that anyone who shares my love of good pop music would like to hear what I have to say:

First off, I make no appeals for more articles on my fave gassy group because I dig many groups. My band and I have been exploring widely into the group scene, and have come to the conclusion that if your band wants to make it you must fol-low either of two roads: a) get a gimmick, like twins, or your mom, or a bunch of comedians, or plenty of money b) get good musicians, work hard, create and live your music. Unfortunately a lot of top groups today took the first road to success, but that is their affair and not mine.

However, I do thank everyone who gives credit to the boys who stay together and work to create, even though they often are un-popular. I am referring to Buf-falo Springfield, Sopwith Camel, Beau Brummels, (yes, the Beau Brummels are still playing to-gether. Dig their album "Tri-angle," enchanting, magical, folk music), Traffic and of course, the Hollies, Rascals and Beatles.

But let us leave the pop world for a moment and delve elsewhere. For instance, I just listened to Herb Alpert's 9th album. Of course, he has "Honey In The Horn" and all that, and the songs are excellent reflecting his overall sound, yet there is something noticeably wrong in the whole album: lack of improvisation and short songs. In an effort to create a consumer package, Alpert has included far too many songs. Whenever the music starts to groove, it ends too abruptly. For those who dig a more or less free-wheeling style, look into "Boogie" (Canned Heat), "Child Is A Father To The Man" (Blood, Sweat and Tears), the old "East-West" (Butterfield) and to an extent, "Axis: Bold As Love" (Hendrix). Jimi, on this album, proves himself as an imaginative lyricist and song-writer, as well as a good soul singer, not to mention his guitar (which, fortunately, he is playing more notes than tricks) Anyway,

back to the non-pop world, with Dear Editor: Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A., Because an old Dave Brubeck LP. Now this is what can only be des-cribed as "tight improvisation." The musicians are very involved with the feel and can transmit that involvement to the keys, skins, and fingerboard. The piano of Brubeck is an absolute groove in itself, to say nothing of the drums of Joe Morell who could put anyone in the pop field to shame.

Some more examples of good music in the pop field are: "Rubber Soul" (Beatles), "Highway 61 Revisited" (Dylan), "After Bathing At Baxters" (Jefferson Airplane), "Procol Harum" (Procol Harum), "Moody Blues #1" (Moody Blues), "Born Under A Bad Sign" (Albert King) "Digraeli Geore" "Disraeli Gears" King), "Disraeli Gears" (Cream), "There Are But Four Small Faces" (Small Faces), "Buffalo Springfield Again" (Buffalo Springfield), All the Mothers, albums, "The Sopwith Camel" and "Something Else" (Kinks).

Each of these albums is great, and distinct from all the others. They, along with thousands of other albums, are supplying the stimulus for musically-minded ears and fingers. (Incidentally, you bass players will dig Blood, Sweat, etc. and Jefferson Airplane.) No, this letter is not finished yet. If I were in a position to advise my fellow young musicians, I would say this: 1) try and get the equipment that suits you 2) learn your instrument so you have control over it 3) most important, get in a band with groovy people who like only what is good. Be able to play what you want, not what the average top 40 teenybopper wants. In that way, you may not get any jobs, but the satisfying experience of being a part of our music will be a great reward.

This letter is intended for printing. However, as long as some-one reads this and gets ideas from it, I'm satisfied. Anyone who shares my passion for good pop music or who digs an album I recommended is welcome to write to me at this address.

> Bob Benjamin 2753 Sulgrave Beachwood, Ohio

Because many Canadians read your magazine could you please print this in your We Read Your Mail section: WANTED: One male or female

(preferrably the latter) music composer, between the age of 19-25, (who composes either by ear and instrument or can read and write music) who is interested in a songwriting partnership with a young girl lyric-writer. If you are in the Win-nipeg, Toronto or New York area and are interested in a songwriting partnership please write immediately; state name, age, musical experience and background.

I'd really appreciate it if you mention that it means so much to me at this moment. I've been trying to get a partner since Dick James Publishing in London, England, wrote and told me this is the best way.

Please, Hit Parader, I'm depending on you ad I do buy every copy of your magazine.

Heather Sexton 15 Avondale Rd. Winnipeg 8, Manitoba, Canada

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for three years and it's about time I wrote you a letter. With so many great records out I would like to make some observations on the best of them.

Mike Bloomfield proves himself to be the best guitar player in the United States and with the exception of classical player Andres Segovia, in the world. He proves himself on the Electric Flag's album "A Long Time Comin". The best cut on it has to be "Killing Floor." The Flag incorporates all musical influences on that one track. The lead with the horns sounds like a typical Atlantic gimmick. But when Bloomfield comes in with his hard guitar it changes face and sounds like a blues run. President Johnson's voice in the very beginning sounds like something the Fudge would use. The vocal sounds strangely like

Paul Butterfield's. (Many Butterfield influences can be seen field influences can be seen throughout the whole album). Another good blues arrangement is "Texas" with an excellent vocal. "Sittin' In Circles" has Nick Gravenities trying to sound like Gary Puckett. "Another Country" has on it the best instrumentation of the entire of instrumentation of the entire album. The excitement built up with the rhythm section playing faster and faster while Bloomfield improvises is unbelievable. "Easy Rider" is an anti-climax to the whole experience. Buddy Miles and Harvey Brooks are outstanding on their instruments

One of the hottest groups at the present is former Toronto residents Steppenwolf (three of them former Sparrow members). Their album is outstanding with no less than seven good cuts. "Sookie, Sookie" is a real heavy, solid rouser which defies anyone to sit still while listening to it.
The fantastic organ and bass lines should be noticed. "Berry Rides Again" is a dedication to Chuck Berry and Steppenwolf successfully recreates his sound. On "Hootchie Kootchie Man" John Kay's voice sounds like Bob Hite's of Canned Heat. "Born To Be Wild", will take the group to the top of the singles. chart with fantastic arrangement and instrumentation. The rinky-dink piano playing on "Your Wall's Too High" is very good and the beginning of the song is interesting. "The Pusher" is a song which would be more appropriate for Jim Morrison of the Doors. Although John Kay really feels the lyric, Morrison would be more at home doing it. The last song on the album is "The Ostrich" which spot-lights Goldy McJohn again on the keyboards. The drumming is also very good.

Other artists which should be brought to more light are the Canned Heat, Staple Singers, Muddy Waters, Mandala, Jose Feliciano, Booker T., Junior Wells, Bob Dylan and the

Any correspondence will be appreciated and acknowledged.

> Perry Rowicki 196 Mortimer Ave. Toronto, Ont., Canada

ERIC CLAPTON ON THE CREAM SPLIT!

Just before the start of the final tour of the Cream, Eric Clapton, lead guitarist of the trio, talked about himself and the planned break-up of the group, a fragmentation which had been rumored and denied, rerumored and redenied for months. Perhaps by the time you read this the group will still be together but it seems unlikely unless the three members of one of the most popular rock groups change their minds radically.

HP: Have you been looking forward to this tour?

Clapton: Yeah, I've been looking forward to it and also, sort of, I don't know, feeling apprehension in a way. The last time was very, very tough, very tiring. It's physical exertion, just the changes you go through every day which wear you out. Each different town.

HP: Do you think that this will be the last time that you personally will have to go through this?

Clapton: No, it won't really be the last time. But I don't think that I want to work that much. If I tour it will be small tours, better spaced apart.

HP: I'm told that you play on the Jackie Lomax record ("Sour Milk Sea" backed with "The Eagle Laughs at You," one of the first releases on the Beatles' Apple record label). Did the Beatles ask you to?

Clapton: Yeah. We did favors for one another. I guess George (Harrison) liked working with me 'cause first of all I worked on "Wonderwall," the sound track music he was doing, and he liked that so he used me on the session. Paul, Ringo, George and me.

HP: They do quite a bit of overdubbing, don't they?

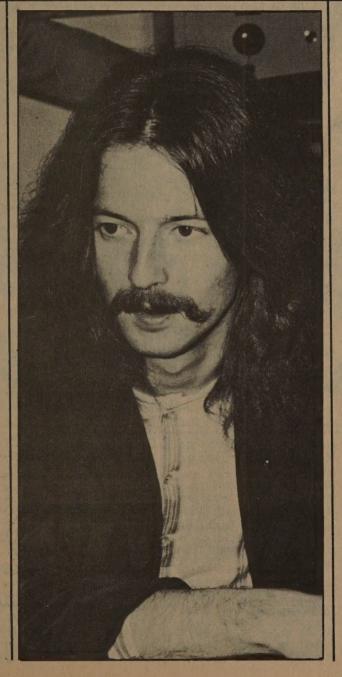
Clapton: No. Nothing at all, except the voice and except for a small part of the guitar solo, the last part of the guitar solo.

HP: Have you started working on any further Cream albums?

Clapton: I've learned that they're going to be recording us live on tour.

HP: Are you going to do any more studio work as a group?
Clapton: No.

HP: Are you writing at all now? Clapton: Oh, bits and pieces, yeah.



For whatever I might do next. Writing for the Cream is very hard to do because it's a trio. Jack could do that but I can't.

HP: Do you have any clear ideas about what you will be doing after the Cream has split?

Clapton: Yeah. Probably record an album.

HP: By yourself?

Clapton: After a break. Not completely by myself. With lots of other people, not a formal group. The whole group thing started with people imagining that they could just form a group and it would naturally work. It really isn't at all easy because you need a local honest origin thing to start it all off. You have to think the same way on the basic things.

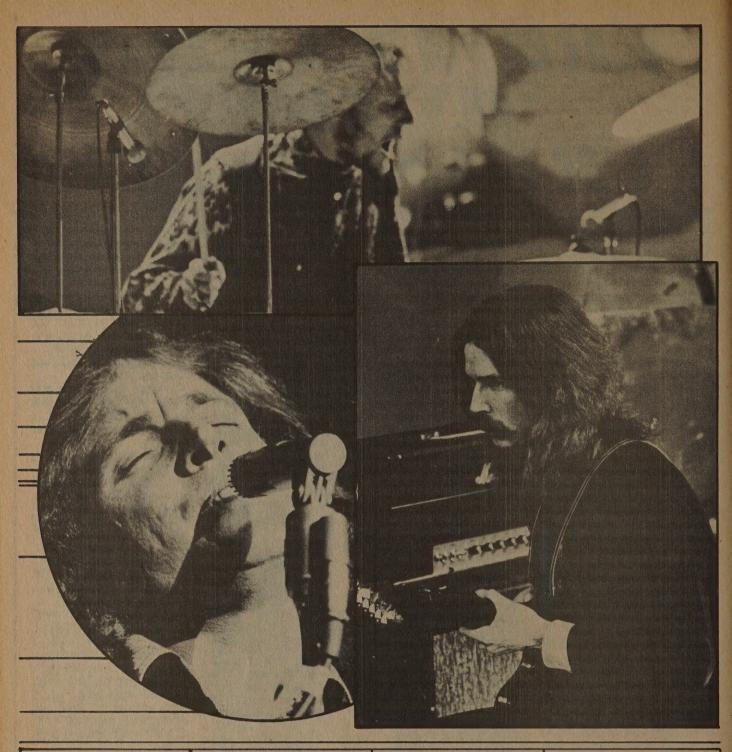
HP: Where would you like to move? Clapton: It's just another concept, really. It's not playing pop for pop's sake. Doing what is naturally you, and I've always supposed that I was a blues guitarist. People always told me. Playing things that are simple and easy and sound good and are nice to play. Rock 'n' roll is about the nearest name you can

HP: Do you enjoy writing songs? Clapton: I have to have other people tell me whether they are good or not because I completely criticize

everything I think of.
HP: Would you write if there weren't

some sort of compulsion that good musicians are expected to write? Clapton: That's a strange pressure to have on you. It can make it twice as hard. Like if I were going to release a single and I was writing it, it would have to be the best thing I ever did to justify me doing it

HP: Do you think you would like to work with Jack Bruce and Ginger



Baker in the future, under different circumstances?

Clapton: Yeah. I think that it is very Jikely as long as there are no pressures on us as a group to manufacture something. If I were running the session I would be only too glad to have them because they're still great musicians. But if it's that group thing, it holds you back. HP: You met Jack in John Mayall's group. Where did you meet Ginger? Clapton: I saw him play with Graham Bond many times.

HP: Did Bond precede Mayall as sort of the Great Preserver of the Blues?

Clapton: He was more into a sort of mainstream thing. It was jazz blues with saxes and things.

HP: Do you like Mayall still? Clapton: I don't think he's as good as he has been. It went very strange quite recently, into long numbers.

HP: Are you talking about "Bare Wires"?

Clapton: Yeah. There were a lot of things on there that I just couldn't see the logic behind.

HP: Did he have a great deal of influence on you when you were with him?

Clapton: Maybe, but very subconsciously, I suppose. That was the only group I had been in that had a leader.

HP: Did the Cream have a leader at all?

Clapton: No. Never had. Impossible.

HP: What were you doing just before the Cream was formed?

Clapton: I was with John Mayall immediately before the Cream. I split straight out of John Mayall to the Cream, about three or four days in between the two groups.

There was the enthusiasm, we just had to do it right away.

HP: Did you have any original concept of what the group would do? Clapton: I had a concept, yeah. It was ridiculous at the time. It was a throw-over from my art school scene. Dada. It was originally going to be a stage presentation as well as the music. It was going to have like happenings on stage. The first gig we did we had a gorilla on stage, a stuffed one. We had a lot of strange little things happening like this and it didn't work. Nothing happened. 'Cause we were so involved in music that we just forgot

about all these things.

HP: Have you been surprised at the amount of commercial acceptance you have received?

Clapton: Yeah, in this country. I think a lot of it is probably quite shallow but it's still amazing. I don't think we deserve it, for one thing. That's why it seems shallow, I suppose. If we weren't British it would be a different thing, to start.

HP: Have you been tempted to concentrate on any instruments besides guitar?

Clapton: I'd like to try the piano, but I don't think that I could do it very well.

HP: Do you find any limitations to the guitar?

Clapton: I am now finding limitations. I never had until now.

HP: Are you tempted by any Indian instruments?

Clapton: No, because I've tried my hand and it's just an impossible thing. It's too late for me to do that in this life.

HP: Have you been happy about the way the Cream was going?

Clapton: No. I have a lot of regrets about it, about not sticking my neck out, which I should have done many times. We could have accomplished more.

HP: It seems to me that the group, more so than any other group, made people conscious of rock musicians.

Clapton: I think the aura about it, the image and everything, did as much as the music itself.

HP: Are you happy with the way "Wheels of Fire" was recorded? Clapton: Some of it. Not all of it. It took me a long time to get to like the album.

HP: Has that been true of the past records?

Clapton: Yeah. Very much so. HP: Do you have trouble listening to yourself play guitar?

Clapton: No...Yes, when it's bad. When it's mediocre, I can't stand it. I feel horrified. But when I'm doing my best and it's my all-time best, then obviously I can happily listen to it. But that doesn't happen as many times as one would want it to.

HP: Could you produce yourself, do you think?

Clapton: Yeah.

HP: Why haven't you in the past? Clapton: Because I've never been the leader of a group or leader of anything I was doing. Up until now what has been happening really is I've been getting into groups and hiding because I'm so scared, or have been scared in so many ways of sticking my neck out and saying

something which is solely mine, which can succeed or fail and I take the consequences. So I've been getting into groups where the group would take it if it didn't do well. Psychological scene, you know. I can always say, if I want to, "Well, it wasn't like I would have had it.' Which is true in many ways. If I'd stuck my neck out...Now what I'm prepared to do, at long last, is do whatever I'm going to do off my own back and if it succeeds or fails I get the blame for a change. HP: Wasn't the idea of forming a trio rather an innovation thing when you came up with it, in terms of rock music? Had Hendrix already been surfaced?

Clapton: No, he hadn't. Yeah, it was, but I'll tell you why it wasn't so original. I've been interested in blues and I used to go and see people perform in concert. Blues musicians would come to England from America and they would form a big bill and certain members of certain bands would play with other people who didn't have a band, like Sonny Boy Williamson would come and he would be backed by Fred Below on drums and Willie Dixon on bass and that was it. It just seemed a completely natural thing. I'd never considered whether you could do it or not in rock 'n' roll. I just assumed that we weren't going to be doing that much rock 'n' roll anyway. When I originally thought of the group, I thought of it in blues terms.

HP: Do you think that the group's music is blues?

Clapton: The Cream? No. It's rock 'n' roll more than that. Pop music. HP: Have you become aware of limitations to the trio structure in terms of what you would like to be doing?

Clapton: Yeah. Because every time I did a recording with the Cream I would make a backing track of me playing guitar, as you've read in Rolling Stone, and then I would overdub lead on top of that. So obviously I was, from the start, discontented with the line-up. Did you read, by the way, that article in Rolling Stone, the one where they interviewed me and then put the whole band down on the next page? That was an event in my life. I can't believe it even to this day. I was reading that in Boston. I opened it, I read the thing and it was all ego, ego in the interview, coming on really strong. And I turned the page and looked at the review and at that particular moment I just completely crashed inbits and I passed out later that evening in a restaurant and was taken nome. A nervous breakdown scene.

The motivation behind it seems to be very destructive...He (Jann Wenner) said that I am the master of the cliche. That's what he called me...That was one of the reasons I thought, "I'm getting out of all this." I just thought of quitting. "The bang is gone, forget the band, forget it all." Because you don't have to go through all that. You can happily make stained glass windows or something where you don't have to run the gantlet of being popular and unpopular. Something you just get pleasure out of doing. I'd gotten very sick of it. But then you get into being a recluse and you go out and buy the magazines every week so you can get back into it. There's no cure. It's too late now.

HP: You have a problem, too, because no matter what you do, people are going to be paying attention. Clapton: So that's where I get to the point about sticking out my neck. It's really my moment of truth. Because I've convinced myself that I'm better than people think I am, that I'm actually a better guitarist than it gets to be known. I'm never ever satisfied with the things that I've done with the Cream, for instance...

HP: Do you know what musicians you will be working with?

Clapton: I'll probably want a basic line-up of people. Say if I make an album, I'd probably want just a basic line-up of piano or organ and rhythm guitar and lead guitar and bass and drums. Just a rock 'n' roll sort of format. But there are so many different ways of doing things, so many different ways of recording them.

HP: Would you like to play with other people whose reputations are on a par with yours?

Clapton: Of course. Of course, it depends on how much corruption they've derived from that, you know, popularity. But it's the people. If I can find musicians that I dig and sit and happily have good times as well, great. Why not? Then I'll do it again. But, you see, you don't know that until you've experienced it and I don't want the obligation of being in a group with someone and having to find out about him at the same time. I want to find out about him and then see whether I want to form a group.

HP: How old are you?

review and at that particular moment I just completely crashed inside, everything I believed fell to | HP: Do you like any groups now,

any artists?

Clapton: I've been back in England so I haven't noticed too much of what's going on over here, but I've liked a lot of groups in England. I like the way the Stones are going and I like the way the Beatles are going. There's a group called Fairport Convention which is ridiculous, frighteningly good. There are lots of new groups, so many of them that it's unbelievable that London could hold so many bands.

HP: Are you seeing more good musicians in rock groups than you did two years ago?

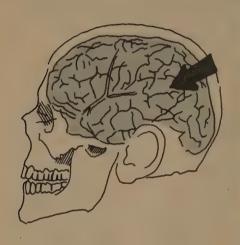
Clapton: Yeah. The cross-section of people in pop music is vast. There are some really intelligent and talented people in pop music and they will carry it through. That's where it's going to get better and better. It's growing. As long as there are that many groovy people, you are doing something new and innovative. It will become more sophisticated. With guitar playing it's already gone that way. It's already started out on its road. Every day now you meet someone or see someone in a club who is playing better guitar than you'll ever play. It frightens the living daylights out of you. You walk into a club and someone is taking it to another extreme you'didn't believe was possible. And you never know who they are.

This is leading to a fantastic refinement in guitar. It's got few possibilities left to it. All from that blues-rock 'n' roll thing. There's a great deal of Eastern music in that. It's very close. The fact that you bend a note came from the blues. No other guitarists ever did that. And that came somehow from Eastern music, because no other music has it.

I think that you can get a happy buzz or a sad buzz or a very deep joyous or meditative, or whatever, buzz out of any kind of music. It's good that rock 'n' roll has lived up to that, because it never was that way before. Before, classical music, in the Western Hemisphere, was the only kind of music you could get really heavy about. And now you can do that with rock 'n' roll. Eastern music is something else because rock 'n' roll hasn't even reached the limits of what they use as a foundation. Rock is still a conglomeration, still a melting pot. Sooner or later it will get to a fantastic sophisticated thing where all the guitarists will play exactly the same way. It will be a sophisticated conglomerate sort of refinement of all the styles. pete johnson

PAUL MCCARTNEY

Speaks His Mind





Hot sun on the back of my neck, exhaust fumes at the back of my throat, four friends in front of the tape recorder. Left to right Mr. Derek Taylor, Mr. James Paul McCartney, Mr. Peter Asher and Mr. Tony Bramwell, some of whom may be known to you. Hand reaches down to the recording button...push forward... raise the mike and speak.

Inhibited by the wayside Question Time, and the first enquiry is an inarticulate one. "Films? How about films? I mean, you must give me something specific. . .the United Artists commitment. . "

P. Mac Cee: The only trouble is, Alan, I don't like to be specific. Now,

I wouldn't mind if I had a few things to say. But I'm afraid it has to be. . .it has to be. . .general."

Looks like it's going to be hard going this. Yes, but, I say, and Paul sends the whole thing up wid dis sudden Brooklyn bit about we's just a group of boys who get togedder, by d'roadside, an' we's gonna make it big wid our next album on d' Apple label.

Yes, yes, I struggle, but the commitment to United Artists. . .

P. Mac Cee: "Right, well go on, and I'll give you some evasive generalization! There's a few films in the air. There's films I'd like to make on my own, with not me in 'em, just people

in 'em. Just anything films.

"Films of what goes on. Films of grass. Films of people moving about. And then films I'd like to make with the Beatles band. Which would be musical films.

"But. . .they shouldn't just be musical films, which everybody offers. They should be the other thing as well. And it's probably going to be up to us to think of it, because people don't seem to be coming forward with offers."

It's going nicely now. I'm warming up to it. I ask if the Beatles are now dedicated to making what should be made, and incidentally -- there'll be



money.

"If you didn't need money to get things, and if you got things by swopping 'em then by a roundabout method we'd be dedicated to swopping.

"We're only dedicated to doing."

But then, I say, you're obviously out to expand Apple and make it a thriving business concern, and Mr. Asher agrees but points out that the reason is not to make a fortune. Mr. Taylor agrees and says the Apple policy is to make and sell hits, hits, hits -- hit records, hit flims, and hit electronics.

Suddenly: "There's something else you want to know, Alan, and I'm willing to give it to you. But if you just sort of

say: 'Films,' then I'll say: 'Right, Alan. Eggs.''

Get a bit hurt. Ah yes, I say, but you know what I want to know. "Yes," beams Paul, "I know I do!"

Mr. Derek Taylor puts it all in focus: he interviews me. Alan Smith, he says—are you dedicated to making money, as it is said of you that you are? I have to admit it, I am. I believe money will help my loved ones and me and to live in comfort and style. "And style?" emphasizes Mr. Taylor—"you'reingood shape, Alan." It was nice to have me on the show.

I'm being put down, and although goodwill dilutes the sting, it's still a bit uncomfortable being grilled by so many chefs at the roadside barbecue.

So it's back to the car and I think — Right, Mate. No punches pulled this time. Turn the tape over, put it at the beginning, switch on and know I'm wiping out Cilla Black and Davy Jones with every word.

Do the bold bit about now, look here, I interview many artists and most of

them are specific, you know.

"O.K. then," says P. Mac Cee, feet up and defences coming down. "Whenever we lay off recording for a long period of time — which we do — we get out of the habit, and it's not together and it's not happening. It takes us a couple of weeks to get to know each other again and how we play.

"For instance, when I went to L.A. I heard things on the radio that completely changed a lot of things I'd been thinking about music and about sounds I was hearing. So it made me write a couple of songs differently or arrange them

differently."

Long discussion about Apple and what it means and what it stands for. Paul points out that in the past there were creative people who had to go on their knees for work, and for records and films and to get the breaks, man. "And everyone gets down on their knees and grovels a bit."

The idea now is that Apple is an organization where you don't have to do that, where if you're good you get recognized. The trouble is that so much of the pop and record at the moment is run by people who don't have a clue what it was about.

The ones who do know — it shows. Jerry Wexler, Herb Alpert, Berry Gordy and so on. When you have thinking, involved people like this, it isn't necessary to depend all the time on The Big Fat Men.

Start to get around to the no-punchespulled bit. Talk about cripples, or disabled persons, as my correspondent of last week tells me. (Sorry. A word can cut like a knife.)

What about helping people like this, I ask. What about giving them the money to buy things to make things, to obtain

their satisfaction and self-respect?

Paul: Well, what about helping the ripples?

Me: Because maybe they're having a hard time of it, and you're doing all right. Don't you believe in human kindness?

Paul: Cripples are not necessarily having a hard time of it. And even if they are having a hard time of it -- it's their hard time. It is, man. It doesn't matter what you say about helping cripples or India...there's no way to pour millions of pounds into India and make India all right.

Let me get to your conscience, I say. You must have seen, in India, people with their bellies hanging out with hunger. No, says Paul. I didn't see that. Have you?

But doesn't it worry you? "No," says Paul flatly, "starvation in India doesn't worry me one bit. Not one iota. It

doesn't, man.

"And it doesn't worry you, if you're honest. You just pose. You don't even know it exists. You've only seen the Oxfam ads. You can't pretend to me that an Oxfam ad can reach down into the depths of your soul and actually make you feel for those people — more, for instance, than you feel about getting a new car.

"If it comes to a toss-up and getting a new car, you'd get a new car. And don't say you wouldn't — 'cos that's the scene, with you and most people.

"The point is also 'Do you really feel for Vietnam?' and the answers are the same. Maybe I'd rather listen to a rock record than go there to entertain, and maybe, underneath, that's true in all of us. I know one is morally better than the other, but I know I'd never get round to it. I'd be a hypocrite."

Says he believes in something called God, but anything and everything is God. Never thinks about eternity or outer space - - more concerned with inner space.

The Crunch. Ask him to analyze himself and tell him I have always believed him to be Likeably -- repeat, likeably --Insincere.

Pause. "To you, possibly," says Paul. "Because I think 'Here's an interview! I don't think Alan Smity, person, at all. I think I have to watch what I say because you don't say certain things to papers.

"Whenever I'm faced with a Pop Press Conference or a drink with the reporters, I can't be sincere...'cos I wouldn't be there. But I suppose that by being pleasantly insincere, I can at least get to know people on some level in the short

space of time."

Long conversation and then finally, a statement. "The Truth about Me," says Paul, "is that I'm...Pleasantly Insincere!

"And really that's the Whole Truth, and nothing but."

JOHN SEBASTIAN ON THE ROAD AGAIN

John Sebastian is on the road again, to borrow a phrase from a song he wrote while he was with the Lovin' Spoonful. The road once led from four-chord rock music into the Greenwich Village folk scene, then it started up again and took him and a bunch of other folk performers into the rock group scene, a happy homesite for several years. Now he is moving once more, joining the hordes of refugees fleeing groups for other destinations. assorted Buffalo Springfields, Byrds, Mamas and Papas, Electric Flags, Bluesbreakers and others. Some of them are looking for other liaisons, some want to be alone. For the moment, John is in the last category, though he does some studio work with

'Everybody's been through an evolution almost simultaneously," he muses in his temporary home in the hills of Hollywood. "We all know that something weird has happened these past three or four years. A lot of people write about it and talk about it and try to say what it is. What it is is merely that there was a period. I can actually only speak for myself because each group is different. Each group's music has its source at a different time and has its particular culmination at a certain point, that point where you take it about as far as it can go. For us, our magical time was about two years ago now. We had two years of really out of sight chemistry. Everything outside of that is

really superficial.

It was just really good chemistry. It goes away, though. It goes away fast sometimes, it goes slow, it goes away according to how well you can handle it, how mature you are going into the group, and now everybody is sort of out of it. That doesn't really include everybody. Certainly the Beatles are perfectly active. The Stones have had a beautiful kind of rejuvenation process. There are certainly still groups like the Cream, who tear my head off, and Jimi Hen-There are people who have started since we started, the end is not in sight for them. But there are a tremendous number of groups who have broken up, and they're all of a very peculiarly common school. And what's happened is, seeing that they were all friends anyway, they're getting together, but not in groups.

"The sessions aren't always in the studio any more. The sessions are in that room over there a lot (he gest-

ures at a small room off his living room). For example, Graham Nash is staying with us now. Graham's from the Hollies. He sings on the top, really high. He knows David Crosby. Because he knows Cass (Elliott) and he knows me, he knows David. So David introduced him to Steve Stills one day over here. He and David had been hanging out and singing together and saying, 'Ooooh, what a nice noise!' And David and Stephen had been hanging out together. So all of a sudden vesterday there was a fainter of a trio in there, one of the most incredible vocal sounds I've ever heard. We just sat around while they sang some tunes of Stephen's and some tunes of Graham's and some tunes of David's.

"It was beautiful and immediately

they started saying, 'Well, gee, let's make a record. Why not?' There's the kernels of a scene. And Stephen of course, has been thinking of hundreds of other plans. I'm sure you've heard all the various rumors of the Cream, Jimi Hendrix, Electric Flag combination which could evolve. There's all of that. There's all of the blues which is now looking for a place to go. There's a lot of country cats who have been kind of biding (he expands the word in a slow drawly way) their time, and that's coming too, I think. Graham's still with the Hollies and shows no signs of quitting, because the Hollies are to-gether. They are a very popular group in England. Although it might be crossing Graham's mind, I don't think he wants to do that quite yet because he still has a point of communication.

John's thoughts about the cross-fertilization happening in rock music were borne out a week later when drummer Buddy Miles debuted with his Buddy Miles Express at the Whiskey a GoCo. For Buddy's last set, he was joined by Jimi Hendrix, lead guitar; Graham Bond, organ; Noel Redding, bass; Mitch Mitchell, drums (Buddy played rhythm guitar), and Eric Burdon as lead vocalist. None of them was in his new group. They just wanted to jam with him.

Having lost his point of communication with the Lovin' Spoonful, John is working on his first album as a soloist. "This is my album," he says, "my first album. I just finished a song that's a group sing kind of song, a Carter Family kind of thing and I've got a lot of great voices coming to do it, just friends. It's really funny.



'cause here I am in Los Angeles -- I've been here for about two months -- and in the time I've been here, I have like reconnoitered with at least 20 friends from the New York Street. A lot of people are coming out of groups, mainly just a natural evolutionary process, and kind of looking around, not with the idea of 'Let's all be a band and be stars or anything, but just kind of a musical level of communication.

'The first session that I did, for example, I had a big boogying tune, a full out thing. And I had Paul Harris from New York playing piano and arranging. And on bass, Harvy Brooks. And Stephen Stills from New York on guitar. And like Stephen, when we wer at the Night Owl in New York starting, in between us, he would get up on the stage with his 12-string and play some of the tunes that he'd written. That was just before he left for LA to join the Buffalo Springfield and so on. Here he is on the session, playing great guitar. Danny Weis from the Rhinoceros, used to be with the Iron Butterfly. I had him on harpsichord. Dallas Taylor from Clear Light, a new friend, and Bruce Langhorn, another old face. Then the Ikettes were singing in the background. I said I wanted some ladies to sing with me and was trying to think of the right ladies and Paul Rothchild (John's producer (said, 'Hey, man, I know Ike Turner.'

"Again, man, I met Paul Rothchild when I was working with the Even Dozen Jug Band, which is like five years ago, and through him I had the opportunity to do countless dates for Elektra Records as a sideman, playing harmonica. I did a lot of time sitting up listening to Paul edit tapes, and mix and balance and everything, and learned a lot about what it sounds like through the machines. I came out here and there was Paul and I said, 'Paul, let's do it.'

The three of the songs on the John Sebastian album were written for a new Broadway play, "Jimmy Shine," starring Dustin Hoffman. This is his first attempt to write for a Broadway show, though he wrote songs for two movies, "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" and "You're a Big Boy Now." Sebastian remembers meeting the staff of the play before he had a chance to read the script. "They had gotten my name somewhere and I went up there to talk to them. It was a very funny kind of

moment because I was just coming off of the Spoonful, and being in a group and coming out of a group is a whole change of mind and attitude and everything, and with all those things spinning around in my head, I walked into this theatrical office and talked to those people about this play to immediately discover that they had never heard of the Spoonful. Of course. They don't listen to the radio, they're making plays, right?

"I was suddenly faced with this whole group of people who had no idea what I did, who were kind of reaching out to find who I was and what I did, and it was a very funny moment. In any case, they said, 'Well, we'd like to get an example of your work as soon as possible, tomorrow, preferably.' Well, it was kind of good for me because it burned me a little bit and it sent me home to my shirt cardboards, where I finished three songs in one evening."

Do you always write on shirt card-boards?

"Yeah. It's because I can walk around with them. I can take them places. I started off writing on paper on an album cover, but that doesn't work too good. I went home and I read the script and it was out of sight. So the combination of being inspired by the script and having that little edge of irritation over the afternoon was great.

"Most people think that inspiration comes out of a perfectly relieved state of mind. A lot of people, a lot of young kids who are writing, want to know about the nature of inspiration. Usually they imagine that you should be off in a log cabin somewhere, out in the middle of the woods with the birds and everything, and suddenly the muse strikes you from out of the sky. It's funny how irritation is sometimes the cause of inspiration rather than just a sort of beautific state. At midnight, I definitely wanted to call those people and tell them that I had it. I got in touch with the agent, woke him up. I'm probably going to have to do some more work when we see what it looks like on stage.

"There's a character in the play who is a modern minstrel type. He's from San Francisco and he has a whole coterie of hangers-on. There's a great opportunity. I saw the character, I said, "Yeah." Because that makes it much more easy, somebody that close. I find it very easy to write for that type of person. I've recorded all three of the songs already for my album. Four tunes are done and lots more are in various stages."

John's departure from the Spoonful has changed his views on the basic recording process. "When you put excitement on a piece of plastic it's very difficult, you lose a lot of it. And if you're not excited, if there aren't good

vibrations right at the source, before the microphone, then the only answer to making any kind of record is the old vehicle of overdubbing and looking to put excitement into it.

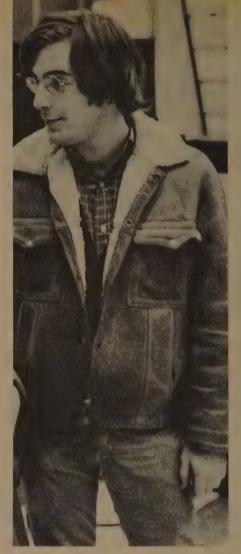
'During the period of the four-man and five-man groups, we've all been faced with a problem. Every now and then somebody's going to write a song that sounds best with more than four people. You have to decide within the concept of the group, within the realm of possibilities of what the group can do, whether it's permissible. Is it okay to have sidemen? With the Spoonful, we went for years before we were even to the point where we could use sidemen without feeling weird about it, because we wanted in the beginning for everybody to notice it's us playing, yes, it really is.

Because at that point many people were just throwing groups together, and going into the studios, and the studio men were different from the people who were in the pictures. It was not really a musically based phenomenon as much as it was a kind of general excitement. Which led to a lot of good things and all of those little peripheral people had to be there in order for it to happen well, but now I have kind of a different outlook on

"I came up with this tune called 'Don't You Get Crazy' and it's a big trucking, boogying kind of thing. So I started to write down all the things that I heard and I came out with a list of eighteen people.' ' Eighteen people showed up at the date and the tune was recorded live, without overdubbing. "Part of it was having it with all my old friends. It was so groovy that the date was done in three hours and we didn't have to do any overdubbing or any of that stuff. After we had the whole thing we sat and listened to it a long time and I said, 'Here Steve plays his groovy lick but because of the room I can't hear it as loud as I'd like to hear it.' Stephen came back in and put it on one more time so that it would jump out. But that feeling of a party is on the re-

I don't like that kind of structural overdubbing where songs are built up in layers any more, but believe me I've done it right from the letter A. One time I did a tune all by myself and what happens is that it's just not as exciting. It sounds like what it is because the machines don't lie at all.

Since that time I did a tune called 'She's a Lady.' It has kind of Renaissance overtones. So Paul came up with a lutist who had worked for Elektra. He called him up and he said, 'Well, yes. And I can bring my wife. She plays recorder and she plays viola da gamba. Yeah, I can bring my friend so and so. He plays viola d'amore



and crumhorn.' After about two days of setting it up, here I was in the studio with this marvelous, old, wizened, white-haired lady who plays a great big bass recorder and has wind that just doesn't quit. And a harp player. And it's nice because the lutist is married to the recorder player and it really comes through. They're listening for each other. They're trying to tickle each other a bit because they're sitting together in a date. We came out with this lovely warm classical feeling thing.

"I played it back and I said, 'Not quite right.' Because the lutist had played it a certain way, the tune had changed character. It's a simple tune with Renaissance overtones and that was a Renaissance tune with kind of folky overtones. Later that evening, I decided David Crobsy should come in and play his out-of sight rhythm, the best 12-string in the world, David has. David comes in, plays 12-string, Steve Stills comes in, plays a little country guitar, and I come in and play what I was playing the first time, so that they can hear it and I'm singing it, but we're not recording it. I'm just making it happen again for them. And whammo! Got what we wanted, That was an overdub but it was funny because it was me and David and

Stephen partying,

And David stayed around. I used David's 12-string on 'I Had a Dream, which is kind of a dreamy kind of a tune. On that we had a percussionist playing vibes and a harp player and these two nice Italian French horn players. They came in and they noticed it wasn't a sweetening session (overdubbing strings or wind instruments on a rhythm track), which is what they'd been to for weeks and weeks. And whammo! Happened for us and we got it on tape. Another thing we did was just me and a harmonium and an upright bass. That was a tune I wrote for Cass called "The Room Nobody Lives In.

A few days later, a visit to the Elektra recording studio, a beautiful room draped with tapestries and tinted with rows and rows of small colored lights, bears out John's enthusiasm about the sound of his music. His writing still bears the romantic stamp which separates him from the majority of contemporary folk and pop composers, but the freedom and joy of the instrumentation have given his voice and

words new dimensions.

And what about the other members of the original Lovin' Spoonful? "Zally (Zal Yanovsky) is in Canada. Zally was buying a house in Canada and simultaneously to that had to leave the United States. As soon as a cat who is working for him can get them to pay a little bit of attention, I think they will discover that Zally is not about to overthrow the country, at least

not on a political level.

"Joe (Butler) is making records. He's done a few tunes worked with people from the Atlantic band, the people who record for Aretha Franklin. He's still on MGM, he just has access to these guys. And he's involved in several merchandising ventures. He and this friend have invented several games and an incredible little light show that you can buy, like a \$10 light show. I saw it in operation and it's astounding. And Steve (Boone) is hanging out on the island and he's producing some kind of a group and also thinking about working with his brother Skip, who was in Autosalvage. They've broken up. Everybody's broken up.

Not quite everybody, but static groups no longer seem the inevitability they were a year or two ago and John Sebastian (as is true of Cass Elliott and as will be true of more performers in coming months) seems happy skipping along a solo path now trailed only by his wife, Lorey, and several members of a mammoth breed of dog which he has developed, an example of which (named Bear) dozed in the living room during the interview. The last album by the Spoonful, minus John, will be released shortly on MGM. The first of John minus the Spoonful, should be available shortly afterward. □ pete johnson

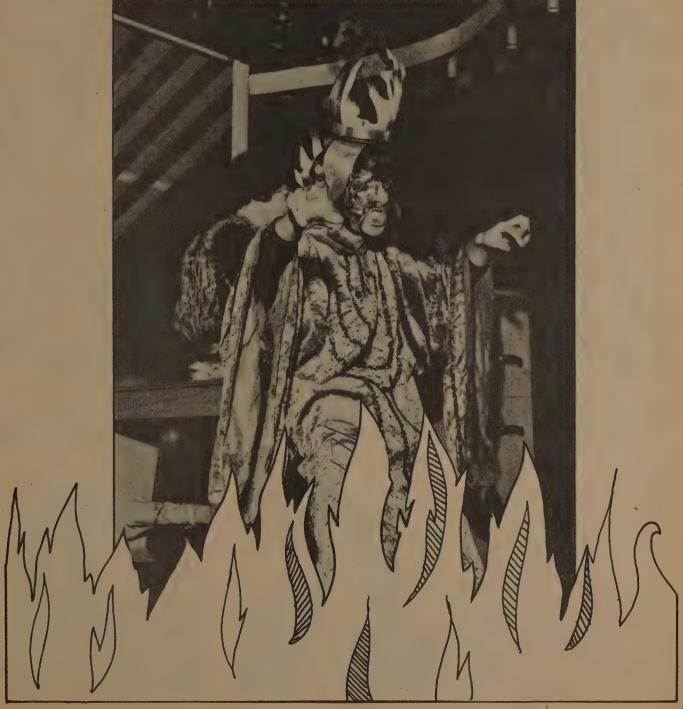
Is

ARTHUR BROWN All There?

In the event of Arthur Brown, yell "Fire" at the top of your voice and arrange both hands above your head to keep your mind in place. Vacate the immediate vicinity and at all costs avoid panic.

I ignored the warnings - brave of me remembering what happened on our last meeting when the God Of Hellfire put a curse on my tape recorder - and on Thursday ventured to the Soho offices of Track Records where Arthur sat me down in a room containing Terence Stamp and Kit Lambert and declared: "I am mad and I will be considered mad until everyone else is considered sane."

Schizophrenic World of Arthur Brown might be a more apt description than



crazy. In one breath Arthur can be involved in a rambling philosophy on the place of pop in the revolution in thought - the next impersonating Chris Stamp on a phone or screaming maniacally at the top of his voice.

His logic can have crazy moments too, as it often works back to front and so can be baffling unless you stay until the end. Finally, when you are beginning to doubt your sanity and Arthur's, he will pull together the threads of random thought he has laid behind him and weave them into a sensible web.

We started discussing whether Christ was a mentally together person, which Arthur thought he was, then - after Kit Lambert had ordered teas for "Lord Stamp" and myself, and methylated spirits for Arthur - we got onto the revolutionary character of art, music and literature.

"It is like teaching people by example," said Arthur, exercising great control over the crazy side of his character but looking as if any minute he might jump to his feet, let out a blood-curdling scream and invoke devils from the pockets of his maroon satin jacket. "That is the best way of teaching people. Like you teach a person to swim by swimming in front of them. Not by saying, look you put one arm over the other like this.

"Like a person may be not quite together but even a maimed finger can point a way. Like that finger is maimed," he said, holding up his hand, "but I can still point with it.

"Pop has an enormous part to play. Pop is the most underestimated infiltrater of modern systems that there is. Because it is the one medium that is not at the moment being used by power people to put over power. I mean they are trying to keep it down and to censor it but they are not basing their election campaigns through pop records, which they could do.

"Like once you've read a book, you may remember some of it, but you've read and finished it. But pop is on every day, every single day. You use records as weapons to get people into your little fold. Then you give them the LPs to put over what you are thinking.

ing.

"But we are going even further than that. We'll have singles and LPs and then films and books. If you can appeal to people's minds then you are going to cut through all the age barriers and the class barriers. Like we were in a pub the other night and there was not one person under 35 and they were putting on our record all the time.

"And okay we're a freaky group, we're filthy, we're dirty, we need a bath, but they are still buying, and playing it. Because there's something there in the way we feel, the way our direction is. Maybe not in the words, but something in the record is getting through to

them."

Arthur suddenly remembered a doctor's appointment for heat treatment on his leg - the one attacked by an American amplifier recently - and asked if I'd like to come along. Once Arthur asked me for a light, but the God of Hellfire needing heat treatment beats even that.

In the cab, Arthur said he was surprised but people did recognize him even though he hadn't ever appeared on television without the make-up. Perhaps it was the 'Stop my ego and ask for my autograph badge' he was wearing, I suggested.

At the doctor's we were shown into a room where Arthur made himself comfortable on a couch while a girl assistant wired up his leg to a box of electric tricks.

He continued where we had left off at Track. "If people are putting the record on because they find it interesting, what is interesting about it?

There must be some reason, some feeling, some structure in it. It is because the company, the artists, the records. . . .we are all infused with the feeling of where we are going. And so the finished product cannot help to convey the feeling.

"Put it this way. We are going to aim for as many people as is possible to get them into our thing, you know. So you get the single out and some of the singles buyers are going to albums buyers. Then they are interested in the other things we are going to do.

'Like John Lennon's books. They sell because people think here is another facet of that interesting bloke. So we have our books and films and within two years we will have built or started on our first fun palace. We are just saying this is what we think, the way things are. They'll probably laugh at first and say well this is very grand and very pretentious. But all music is a statement by a person of some feeling or some thought."

Arthur's doctor interrupted to ask when his patient would be coming again and when he'd gone I asked Arthur what the aim was. "It is to get people to think, to feel, and to knock down barr-

iers. Like, we want to change the idea of photographs, of fan club magazines. Art, pictures and photographs are being used to say things and why shouldn't they be used to that direction in the pop field. The pop field is the most open to advancement there is. There are no rules.

"Soul music has changed attitudes towards sex. Soul music is all sex... 'I want you. I want you.' So you've got this playing at you all day and you're not going to think should I be saying this. It is all around you, so why should you be ashamed to say it?

"I mean how many people can you reach in a church? How many people can you reach as a politician? But in pop, you can go out and have ten thousand listen for however long you are on stage. Pop is every bit as big as the political movement. It's a political movement of it's own.

"I look on it as an instrument to get over my views. They're not my original ideas. Like everybody has had some idea before. I'm willing to admit there are people like Screaming Jay Hawkins who was not quite the same as us but he was doing the visual stuff.

"Then there was Screaming Lord Sutch -- he had this idea of the visual thing. It's like going back to Egyptian music when it was all symbolic. Like someone would come on and sing a song and he would be a tree or nature. He was symbolic of what he was singing."

Out in the street, Arthur searched for a shop to buy a Mars bar for his lunch, and then we found a taxi back to the Track, passing on the way a middle-aged man in an ash-blonde wig down to his shoulders and Bee Gee Colin Petersen in his converted yellow mini.

Back at Track, I was regaled with my instant "Get To Know Arthur Brown" kit which includes life-lines, "The Legend Of Arthur Brown" (son of Necromancer Mordo of Cornwall, Chief Druid of a moon-worship cult, or pub piano player Peter Wilton, from Whitby, Yorkshire, whichever you choose to believe), and the "Thoughts Of The New Dawn," which includes some mad gems from Arthur Brown himself. □nick logan





THE STEPPENWOLF STORY





John Kay and Goldy McJohn

JOHN KAY/ leader

player, composer, second guitar player and leader of Steppenwolf, came to his present position at the top of the rock scene in the Western world the hard way — by first escaping from the Eastern world.

The story begins before John was born, in February, 1944, when his father, a German soldier, was killed on the Russian front. John was born two months later in Tilsit, Germany, moving with his mother to Arstadt, Germany, just before Tilsit was leveled by bombs.

Arstadt was occupied by U.S. troops, then by Russian troops and as the war

ended, John and his mother found themselves living in Soviet-controlled East Germany. It was when he was just five years old they decided to try an escape through the Iron Curtain.

His mother found someone to smuggle them across the border and they were put with a group totalling 15. A fence was cut with wire snips and the women and children were pushed through first. Then the Soviet guards opened up with machine guns. Only six – John and his mother among them – got through.

This was in 1949 and already John's eyesight and health were bad, caused, in part, by the poor quality of food available. His mother went to work

as a tailor, remarried, and John and his family lived in Hanover for nearly 10 years. Immigration quotas made it impossible to move to the United States so in 1958 they went to Canada.

"I had already gotten interested in the folk music of Germany," John said, "but it wasn't until we lived in Canada that I got my first guitar and started listening to other kinds of music. I used to go to the public library several times a week and check out as many albums as they'd let me have. Country-western, folk, you name it and I listened to it. I thought at the time I might one day teach music."

While in high school, he changed his

mind about teaching and spent a summer working cattle in Calgary, Canada, and as a carnival helper in Ontario. During his final year in school, his parents moved to Buffalo, N.Y., and following graduation he joined them.

When younger, he had sung some country - western songs on Canadian radio but it wasn't until he reached Buffalo that he concentrated on his career and began singing in folk clubs there, in Greenwich Village and Los Angeles.

For nearly a year he kept moving, joining a folk group called Mafia's Men, but generally working alone. Then he returned to Canada, where he joined a group called the Sparrow.

With John providing the lead voice and playing harmonica and guitar, the Sparrow quickly became Canada's No. 1 rock band, recording for Capital of Canada. . . and later, when the group went to New York, for Columbia.

Many of those records were never released, but John and the Sparrow did find a limited success, appearing often at New York's Arthur and a downtown dub called Salvation. Then they drove to California, working for a short while in Los Angeles and for six months in San Francisco. The Sparrow acquired a strong following, but personality clashes caused the group to split.

So John took two of the five from the band (Jerry Edmonton and Goldy McJohn), returned to Los Angeles, found a new drummer and a new guitarist,

and formed Steppenwolf.
Signing with Dunhill Records, and cutting the first album — injust four days at a cost less than what is often spent on a single song -- was easy.

"I want to eliminate musicians," he says, "but not all musicians. There always will be some who want to perform, and they should perform. There is always the problem of communication between musicians . . . a constant hassling that goes on trying to get one musician to understand what another musician in the same band wants to play. The answer to this is machines."

Machines and electronic music, that is, John wants to incorporate oscillators, theramins, octave dividers, computers, synthesizers -- the vast array of gadetry available to today's engineer --- in the sound he already has. The complex machinery makes it possible to create, and record, sounds and rhythms that may not have been heard before.

"I want to create a new kind of music," he says. "Not the sort that sounds cold and remote. The emotion must remain. But I want to make music that is unlike anything that you've ever heard before, music that will take you away from earth."

It will be some time before John gets all of this magical machinery assembled. Hopefully, he says, Steppenwolf's fourth album will feature it. In the meantime, there is the second album.

"One song on the new album is very long," says John. "In person it takes up 25 minutes. I wrote it purposely as an experiment. It's a history of blues and begins with a bottleneck guitar and one voice in a Robert Johnson type country thing. It's slow and heavy. Then it takes on bass and drums played with brushes. As it goes along I add electric guitar and the tempo picks up.

"The syncopation changes and it gets more driving as it goes along. Harmonica and organ and piano come in too. As it progresses the vocal becomes more involved and the drummer switches to

"It goes from country blues to jugband, Chicago, Staple Singers, Sam & Dave. It ends with a gospel - James Brown type of instrumental thing.

"Then we go into what Steppenwolf is doing. There's a lot of highly syncopated rhythmical things we do. Our drummer has become incredible on congas and bongos and in the future we'll be doing lots of new things."

GOLDY MC JOHN/organ and piano Three of the guys from Steppenwolf were sitting around in a Beverly Hills office, between dates on a concert tour, talking about what the band's souvenir book might look like. The group had records and albums in the National Top 10 and when a rock band reaches this position it is time to think about things like this.

One of those present suggested getting Charles Shultz, whose peculiar and incisive genius creates the "Peanuts' comic strip, to do some artwork for the book...put Schroeder at the piano, where he always is, but have Goldy McJohn's picture on Schroeder's sweatshirt instead

of Beethoven's.

Goldy McJohn is the pianist and organist in Steppenwolf.

Which is not to say Goldy McJohn's piano playing is better than Beethoven's was, however fine he may be. It was just an idea for the souvenir book. The idea was rejected, but that's the way the group regards its pianist – as being on Schroeder's shirt.

For one thing, Goldy is interesting to look at, having more hair than Beethoven had. (And Beethoven certainly was not one of the crew-cut types.) Goldy has so much hair, in fact, he reminds you of the nursery rhyme that begins: "Baa-baa, black sheep, have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.'

For another thing, he is an exceptional musician, beginning when he was approximately Schroeder's age -- seven or eight, he's not sure which.

"My mother played piano," he says. "You know the sort of thing - the old standbys that always started da-da-dum-



dum-DEM-dum." The da's and the dum's came out in waltz time. "I preferred Chopin and Rachmaninoff. Chopin because of his freeness. . . Rachmanioff because he used to break piano keys all the time, like a lumberjack."

He believes they have influenced his

style of playing.

"It's hard," he says. "I sit down and try to remember and I get through only a couple of pages, and then the rest goes pffft. It's been almost 10 years since l played that music."

He stopped when he was in high school switching to bass violin, the clarinet

and the E-flat tuba.

In the days before he moved away from the piano - and before he moved





back again as a member of a rock group – he was a popular pianist in Toronto, Canada. When he was 13 he was selected over 200 other youngsters to appear on a Canadian television show. He played at the Canadian National Exhibition. He played for local civic clubs. And he entertained at hospitals.

"That was great," he says. "Sad, but great, in the sense that it was satisfying. The patients I played for were incurables. They liked what I played and I enjoyed playing for them. I was getting something and I was giving something of what I'd learned. That's one of the main things of living isn't it?"

His early years seem to have been

ordinary, uncluttered. His father was a postal supervisor, and his older brother was in charge of a typewriter company's Canadian service division. And he was interested in music and that's all.

Like many other young musicians in the pop field today, Goldy dropped out of high school to concentrate on his music. He considers this act the turning point in his career.

"I was playing piano with the Mynah Birds in Toronto's Yorksville Village, wearing little yellow boots like everybody else in the band, just pounding away at the pinao, nobody listening," he says. "It was practice, that's all. Nobody could even hear me. Not over the guitars and amps."

And then he found himself selling "ladies exclusive shoes" for three months.

"But not for long," he says. "Some people had heard me when I was with the Mynah Birds, people who were musicians and actually could hear me over all that noise. They asked me to join their group, the Sparrow."

Goldy accepted the offer and remained with the Canadian rock group through good times and terrible, traveling to New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Los Angeles, in that order, sticking with the band until it was no more. And when several members of the Sparrow re-surfaced as Steppenwolf, Goldy was

the organist and pianist.

"I dropped out of high school when I was 16 and forgot about music," says Goldy, but a year later I realized I wanted music. I bought myself an organ and joined a band. Rock was just a natural thing to me but my main influence was blues. Howlin' Wolf's guitar and Sonny Boy Williamson's harmonica playing really got to me. I tried to do that boogie thing with my left hand and get the Sonny Boy fills going with my right hand.

"John calls my style of playing a "rabbit style." It's very paunchy and rhythmical. The best example would be my solo in "Born To Be Wild." On the first album I used a Lowery organ with a Leslie speaker but now I have a Hammond M-3 all chopped up into a portable with a Leslie. It's very funky.

"In high school I heard some Ray Charles' albums that turned my head around and then a guy who played piano in the high school orchestra showed me some things that I had never heard before.

"I had classical background which is excellent but if you don't have a mind to go with it you just play simple stuff. Like - 'companies' coming darling, would you play a few numbers for them?' - and they put beer cans on your piano. But I went on to the Ray Charles stuff and developed from there. It was probably learning "What'd I Say" that really got me going.

"I still love the classics though. Sometimes I'll flash and rip off a Listz piece, but eventually I want to get back into classics. I'd like to put out an album on my own of piano things. Like Glenn Gould, who's also from Toronto. He's a weird guy. He walks around in the summer wearing a heavy coat and gloves. I hear he's recorded a rock album.

"Once we make some money I want to buy a farm with horses and build a recording studio. I've got a hangup for electronic music and I've got a lot of ideas I want to put on tape. I've got to get it done." (more steppenwolf next issue)

21

For two great years the Buffalo Springfield flourished on records. They might object to the word flourished since their career as a pop group never was smoothly laid out but they produced three of the finest LPs in contemporary rock music and, before their split-up in the middle of 1967 deserved recognition as the best rock group in this country. They never really got that recognition outside of Southern California, where their singles and albums were solid hits. The rest of the country went largely in ignorance of the Springfield's single releases, except "For What It's Worth," and bought their albums in less than stunning quantity.

Anyway, this is not meant to be an editorial, since it is too late for editorials, only an appreciation of their final album, "Last Time Around" (Atco SD33-256). The LP was created and assembled during the turbulence of their break-up. a process which is reflected in the cover of the album. The front cover has a crack running through a framed portrait of the quintet, a small abvss which separates Neil Young from his companions. Neil was the most restless member of the group. He left the group once, then came back, and rumors had it that Neil was the first Springfield member to decide to definitely quit. The back cover consists of a collage of moments of happiness, routine and agony for the combo. There are pictures of them playing, baby pictures, odd scraps of newspaper and one clipping about the arrest of several members of the band on drug charges. Inside the jacket is a fragmented repetition of the front cover.

But underneath these pictures of disintegration is a first-rate record; a 12song album which skips across the numerous facets of the group. Within the Springfield were three of the best pop songwriters, singers and guitarists to be found in any American rock group: Steve Sills, Neil Young and Richie Furay. It is amazing that all three could be contained in one group and perhaps inevitable that eventually they would fragment. The Beatles hold together somehow, but the Beatles have the assurance that they are being listened to. The Springfield never drew sufficient attention to salve the yearnings of three collective egos. A rock writer in a national magazine casually dismissed them as a "better than average group," a brush-off which was symptomatic of their lack of stature outside of Southern California.

"Last Time Around" begins with a Neil Young song which is one of the most infectious tunes the Springfield ever recorded, "On the Way Home," sung by Richie, Neil and Steve, the latter two providing beautifully subtle harmonies to Richie's lead. The backing is typically eclectic and tasteful – harpsichord, country guitar licks, a dab of

BURRALO



strings and some punctuation from a horn section.

It is followed by a gentle song featuring Richie, who wrote it with Neil, "It's So Hard to Wait," with a soft horn background. Steve delivers a subdued vocal on the next number, a guitarbacked song written by him, "Pretty Girl, Why." Then he returns with a gritty, moody voice for "Four Days Gone," the tale of a fugitive who doesn't dare tell anyone his name. Jimmy Messina, who produced the album, is featured on "Carefree Country Day," a happily growled number set to echoey guitars with an ending which sounds like a tribute to Nilsson. Steve returns with a song called "Special Care," a powerful vocal and a driving background made up predominantly of organ and feedback guitar. This tune has rather depressed, frightened lyrics. Much of the album is, in fact, rather melancholy.

The second side of the album opens with "The Hour of Not Quite Rain," a gently romantic song featuring Richie's voice cushioned by strings. Then comes Steve rolling through an upbeat number called "Questions," followed by one of the prettiest songs on the LP, "I Am a Child," written and sung by Neil Young. The background is hypnotically country, the words typical Springfield complexity-disguised-as-simplicity ("The sky is blue/

And so is the sea/What is the color/When black is brown/What is the color?").

Next is "Merry-Go-Round," a tune which switches between predominantly bass instrumentation and the tinkling carnival sound of bells behind Richie's singing. Steve Sills is one of the few rock writers capable of allegories, a talent he first demonstrated in "For What It's Worth." "Uno Mundo," which is included in their final album, is another example of the genre, a rocking tune which compresses a view of the world in simple images. The last song on "Last Time Around" is Richie's "Kind Woman", a countryish sad love song.

Several cuts stand out on a first listening: "On the Way Home," "Four Days Gone," "Special Care" and "I Am a Child," all of them first-rate Springfield. Repeated exposure to the album, however, makes it harder to cull out favorites. None of the songs are haphazard, none of them is included to stretch the album to a respectable size. Everything has subtle flavoring which becomes more pronounced with each listening. The Springfield's use of instruments is unique, always creating a full background from a variety of sounds which never melt into confusion. This characteristic of their recordings also was evident in their personal appearances. I have never seen a group use three

SPRINGRIELD





guitars (not counting Jim Messina's bass) as tastefully as they did. Three similar sounding instruments were used to weave a finely detailed fabric whose pattern never blurred from overlapping.

Each of their three albums, "Buffalo Springfield" (Atco SD 33-200-A), "Buffalo Springfield Again" (Atco SD 33-226) and "Last Time Around" was different. The first showed them to be a Renaissance group who knew their roots: country music, folk songs and good hard rock. The streams ran through all of their songs, sometimes coming equally, other times one dominating the others. Steve Stills and Neil Young wrote all of the songs on the first LP, Steve, Neil and Richie Furay all sang lead on various cuts, and Dewey Martin, the group's drummer, contributed some harmonies.

The same vocal and writing combination continued through their second album (though Bruce Palmer was replaced by Jimmy Messina on bass, a change which seemed to strengthen the Springfield), except that Dewey Martin was featured as lead singer on one selection, "Good Time Boy." "Buffalo Springfield Again" is a gentler, deeper album than its predecessor. The group did not have to prove its flexibility again and could relax into a much prettier, more subtle range of songs. This was the Springfield's aesthetic album, the closest they came to a unified record, but it avoided the pretentious traps which mar the majority of artistic rock attempts.

"Last Time Around" should have been a failure because by the time it was recorded the group knew that they were through. Most of the tracks were recorded more or less individually. The Springfield would book blocks of studio time and show up for sessions randomly. sometimes only one or two or three members of the quintet participating in a session. They used other musicians to fill in for missing personnel and some of the background vocals are augmented by friends of the group. After the album was finished, it took an extra month of work by Jim Messina (who started as the Springfield's engineer) to polish the tapes into the smoothness which has been a hallmark of the combo. It is, however, as good an album as the two previous records. There was too much talent in the Springfield for them to create anything less than excellence.

The Buffalo Springfield were not a manufactured group. Each member of the quintet belonged and three of them were talented enough to head their own combos or to succeed as solo artists. They had management problems, they had difficulties with their first producers which messed up their recording schedule and the components of the Springfield knew they were too good to deserve such tribulations. Since the break, Steve has been participating in studio sessions and jamming with the flow of musicians who drift through Los Angeles. He probably will lead a new group within the next year, but he is taking his time deciding what to do. Neil will record as a solo artist. Jim and Richie are exploring the beauties of country music and may emerge with a group. Their plans may change by the time this appears in print, since they have changed several times in the last couple of months, but one thing is certain. There will not be another Buffalo Springfield. pete johnson

WHITE BLUES REVOLUTION

Two or three hundred years ago. somewhere in America, a white man heard a black man singing, liked the song, and started singing it himself. Soon his white neighbors liked it too. They looked up other black men, and learned new songs from them. Since the black men were very interested in learning things from the whites - like how to play those beautiful instruments - there was a large amount of interracial communication. Records, radios, and the partial breakdown of segregation have accelerated the process. Music is easily the most successful joint activity of blacks and whites in America.

When black people developed an incredible new sound called blues, sometime before 1900, whites picked it up with alacrity. From the Southern guitar-picker who learned his blues directly from local Negroes, to the white vaudeville singer who learned his from W. C. Handy's sheet music, white blues was everywhere. Millions of whites, in one way or another, have discovered the great technical rewards and truly uncommon emotional values of this music.

To Southern white musicians, doing blues had long been as natural as breathing. Long ago it became part of their native musical language. In the North, alas, it was different: white people viewed blues as a sort of exotic musical treat. Getting a blues education in a white Northern suburb is a risky process. But those Northern kids who managed to get it were, in the long run, affected even more strongly than most Southerners. To this day, the most natural and flowing white blues comes from the South (like Steve Cropper's), but Northerners (and their British cousins) take the prize for intensity.

Possibly because of the intense emotions happening in Northern white blues (to say nothing of those surrounding the racial conflict as a whole) this has become the most controversial element in all of rock. How many times have you hear a Paul Butterfield denounced as a weak imitator, reviled as a crass opportunist, or told in so many words that he has no business touching this music? How irrelevant

all that talk really is. The ultimate measure of music's value is how sincerely, how deeply, how completely it communicates. Butterfield's audiences are as strongly moved by his music as any audiences are by any music. And for every kid who buys a Butterfield album instead of a black blues album, there are ten kids buying black blues albums because they heard Butterfield first. Ten years ago no Northern white kid ever heard of Muddy Waters. Today the influence of blues on pop is really pervasive. Everybody hears Cream and Hendrix; from there it's a very short jump to Canned Heat, Butterfield and John Mayall, and from there it's the merest stone's throw to Albert King, Howlin' Wolf and Son House. More and more people are making those jumps every day. The black music that once seemed headed straight for oblivion is stronger than ever

So white blues is an invaluable stepping stone to black blues. But it's a lot more than that. Because of the great variety of their musical environment and training, young white musicians have brought a lot of new ideas into blues that never would have occurred to Robert Johnson or B.B. King. Some of these ideas have been grotesque, to be sure. Others have proven highly rewarding. Some have even been taken up by black musicians and audiences. The white bluesman has no special mystique about him: he reflects his environment, and plays to his audience, just like a black musician does. He rarely thinks about imitating Negroes; he just wants to become a good performer of a kind of music that happens to have been originated by Negroes. When he refers to a white performance as being "black" he is not referring to the music's success at imitation, but complimenting the musicians for approaching the naturalness that some Negroes feel for the music they grew up with. When blues performers can do this, and be original at the same time, you've got good blues regardless of the color of the musician's

Though white blues is today an integral part of the rock scene, one

has to look outside rock for the origin of the modern white blues movement. When the Rock Revolution of the 1950's created a great Rhythm & Blues boom, it was the Rhythm and not the Blues that made the scene. Young black record fans were digging the new vocal groups, whose dreamy ballads and lighthearted novelties helped them forget the trials of ghetto life. They had little use for the blues, which had sustained previous generations of blacks by dealing with black problems and their solutions in a much more direct way. Though a few white teenagers could have understood this distinction in the 1950's, they went along with what was happening. "Sh-Boom," after all, presented far less of a cultural barrier to them than did Muddy Waters.

But all through the 1950's, there was a sizable white audience for Negro blues. This was an older audience of folk-music and jazz aficionados, that had no use for that awful rock & roll noise. The magnificent Leadbelly had created a sensation in the 1940's. Throughout the 1950's, Josh White, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry (all former "race record" artists who had cleverly changed their styles to appeal to whites) were popular nightclub performers. In Europe, Big Bill Broonzy (another former "race record" star) created perhaps an even bigger audience.

About 1959, as Buddy Holly and Fats Domino faded from the charts in favor of Bobby Vee and Chubby Checker, many of the kids who had grown up with rock in the 1950's tossed their 45's in the trash can, and marched off to college seeking more musical enlightment. They went in for classics, and Dave Brubeck's neoclassical jazz. But an increasing number of them started enjoying, then performing folk music. A whole new entertainment institution, the coffeehouse, grew up in America, while the English gathered in the convivial surroundings of small clubs (which often served alcohol, unlike the coffeehouses). Big Bill was gone, but Brownie & Sonny enjoyed tremendous popularity in these places, soon to be joined by other "rediscovered" performers like Rev. Gary Davis. Always the emphasis was on tradition - that is, what the white people thought was tradition. Lightning Hopkins and John Lee Hooker, two of the greatest electric guitar players in history, were both induced to play the folk circuit - using acoustic guitars only, please! None of that horrible rock & roll!

Absurd as some of the attitudes were, the coffeehouses produced a lot of great music. By 1960 quite a few young Northern kids were trying their hand at the blues. At first it was strictly underground, un-recorded except on an occasional portable Wollensak. -Most of the early performers sang a variety of other folksongs as well as blues. Such a musician is Dave Van Ronk, who was the first white coffeehouse performer to record a significant amount of blues. In 1962 he made a superb album for Prestige (Dave Van Ronk: Folksinger) that was almost all Negro material; his rough but restrained voice was very appealing.

Another 1962 folk album with strong blues overtones was Bob Dylan (Columbia CS 8579). Dylan had recently come to Greenwich Village from Minneapolis, a place which had become a major center of white-blues activity. In the summer of 1963, that city's three most prominent young white performers. got together and put out an album called Blues, Rags and Hollers (Elektra ELK-240). Dave "Snaker" Ray, Tony "Little Sun" Glover and "Spider" John Koerner were all fulltime bluesmen (rather than allaround folksingers.) Each of them was sufficiently at home with blues tradition to develop a new and consistent style of his own within the idiom. Ray and Koerner are both superb musicians with good voices, and their first album remains the definitive acoustic white blues (despite a few slips into put-on Negro pronunciation). Meanwhile, in New York, another full-time white bluesman named John Hammond (son of a well-known A&R man of the same name) became popular, and appeared on a Vanguard LP (VSD-2148). Hammond took a few liberties with blues (like sudden changes of tempo and dynamics) that bugged the traditionalists, but

his sensitive singing and skillful guitar have stood the test of time much better than anyone would have imagined. He's still very much worth hearing, either live with his acoustic box, or on record with an electric group including Bill Wyman and Robbie Robertson (I Can Tell, Atlantic SD8152).

Meanwhile, the English were getting into some blues themselves. There was a little less resistance to electric music over that way. While Cliff Richard and The Shadows dominated the pop mainstream, a large minority of young Britishers became very attached to the more violent forms of American rock. This included not only Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Eddie Cochran, but electric bluesmen like Elmore James and Sonny Boy Williamson. This was long before these black musicians became well known to white Americans. The audience was much more closely connected to the older folk-blues audience than was the case in the USA. Out of this environment came a band that played too loud and looked too scruffy for the traditionalists, but played a lot of solid blues. And the kids liked it. The Rolling Stones' first three albums are essentially the product of a blues band, ranging from almost note-for-note adaptations of recorded blues ("I'm A King Bee") to more orthodox rock material, but retaining a hard blues sound throughout, including lots of harp and slide-guitar work.

The Stones' success was a tremendous boost to the whole British electric blues scene. A host of other groups came up with the same kind of blues-rock mixture. Manfred Mann, the Moody Blues, the Kinks, most of all the Animals--all these groups were doing a lot of hard blues when they first made it. The Yardbirds, with Eric Clapton, started out as a pure blues band; Clapton quit when they became determined to do rock tunes like "For Your Love" along with the blues.

By the end of 1965, Clapton was settled down (for the moment) with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, who were the first full-time electric blues group to become nationally famous in England. 1965, meanwhile, was a most eventful year for blues and rock in America. In the spring, the Byrds skyrocketed to fame with Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man," and a few months later Dylan himself made #1 with "Like A Rolling Stone." These two records combined to bring thousands out of the coffeehouses and into the rock

clubs. One of the clubs they made it to was Big John's, a place on Chicago's Wells Street specializing in electric blues. Regular performers there included a quartet consisting of: two black Chicagoans, bassist Jerome Arnold and drummer Sam Lay; a white guitar man from Oklahoma named Elvin Bishop; and the leader, a white Chicago singer and harp player. Paul Butterfield had learned his blues by getting right upside the veteran Chicago musicians in their ghetto clubs, whenever he had a chance. It soon became common knowledge that this group had a uniquely convincing blues sound, and was bringing a lot of lost vitality back into the Chicago blues. Elektra records, a folk label, caught the vibrations and signed Butterfield to a contract. As the recordings were being made, two more heavy musicians joined the group: Mark Naftalin, an organist-pianist from Minneapolis who had several years of music conservatory training, and Mike Bloomfield, who had been lead guitarist for Bob Dylan's recording group. The first Butterfield album was released in the late fall of 1965, about the same time as Rubber Soul. Even if it didn't quite outsell The Beatles, the Butterfield Blues Band on Elektra EKS-7294 was an immediate hit.

In January 1966, the Butterfield band came to the West Coast. During the three and a half months they commuted between San Francisco and Los Angeles, they turned a lot of heads. To begin with, they were the loudest group ever heard in L.A. up to that time. They did blues with a natural command that far outdistanced even the best records from England. And then there was Bloomfield, who quickly became the Coast's favorite lead guitarist. When the Butterband first arrived in L.A., they played a gig with the Byrds at the Trip, on Sunset Strip. Bloomfield and the Byrds' David Crosby were both heard doing long "ragas," free-form electric guitar solos with no chord changes, loosely based on the feel and structure of Indian ragas. Bloomfield continued to do these when he went to San Francisco, and many San Francisco guitarists got into similar things after hearing him. The whole Butterband was a tremendous shot in the arm for the San Francisco group scene, soon to explode upon the world's rockfans. Eventually the "raga" thing came to be called "East/West." The album by that name (Elektra EKS-7315) remains a shabbily recorded souvenir of that









titanic band.

A few months before Butterfield came West, another young white bluesman named Al Wilson came to Los Angeles, in the company of guitarist John Fahey. Wilson had been a pillar of the coffeehouse folk-blues scene in Boston; he had an encyclopedia knowledge of music and of blues history, and a sure hand for Delta-style guitar playing. Once in a while, he sang in a unique falsetto voice.

Hanging around the Ash Grove, then as now Los Angeles' top blues hangout, Wilson ran into Bob Hite. This young man, raised in the unlovely oil town of Torrance, California had amassed a huge collection of blues records new and old. Sometimes he liked to sing blues for his friends. Wilson and Hite decided to form a blues band. They enlisted Henry Vestine, a guitarist friend of John Fahey's, who was playing rock & roll (with lots of blues on the side) in L.A. beer joints. With Stu Brotman on bass and Frank Cook on drums, they had a band. And through the spring and summer of 1966 they struggled to get somewhere. But bookings for full-time blues bands were not to be had at the drop of a harp. Amidst the usual hassles with money and management, Canned Heat broke up in August 1966. But meanwhile Butterfield was winning more and more fans. As other groups came on to strengthen and expand the rock scene (like Jefferson Airplane and The Mothers) the potential for Canned Heat kept growing. The group reformed in November for a Mothers concert at UCLA. By January 1967 Canned Heat was on the road again, with Mark Andes replacing Brotman on bass. Liberty Records discovered them at a beer joint in Topanga, California, and from then on things started looking up. After two personnel changes (Larry Taylor came in on bass as Andes joined Spirit, and Fito de la Parra from Mexico City joined on drums), two LP's, and a national hit single ("On The Road Again"), Canned Heat has joined Butterfield at the top of the white blues stack.

Meanwhile back in old England. blues was traveling in equal style. John Mayall lost Eric Clapton, but by 1967 he was one of England's bestselling record artists of any kind. Clapton, meanwhile, hadn't done so badly with his pals Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker. Cream, as it turned out, followed the very same blues/rock formula that had driven Clapton out of the Yardbirds. but the musicianship was peerless. Clapton's guitar, replete with licks from such bluesmen as Albert King, became the most imitated instrumental sound of the era. I hardly need to go into the revolution wrought by this man's playing.

Nor do I need to add to the volumes written about Jimi Hendrix. Clapton, Hendrix and the Rolling Stones make sure we never have to let the radio play for long before hearing some heavy blues licks.

But among the white, or predominantly white groups who play 100% blues for a living, three stand unquestionably at the top: Butterfield, Canned Heat, John Mayall (alphabetical order). When you listen to their latest albums, you can hear why white musicians like to play blues so much. For a music that is basically simple and straightforward, the range of possibilities

is enormous. Not to mention the unique emotional satisfaction that comes along with it.

Of the three, Butterfield's music is the closest to black blues. (The presence of several top black musicians in the group would certainly help attest to this). Whereas "East/ West" was the kind of highly experimental thing that only a white musician would have been likely to think of (at least before Hendrix). Butterfield's current band (which includes not one member, aside from Paul, who was on East/West) is less concerned with originality and invention than with soul. And there is more of that on Butterfield's new album (In My Own Dream, Elektra) than on any of its predessors. Butterfield is the most conservative of the three, though, and he's becoming very refined compared with Canned Heat. Dream is as close to mainstream jazz as it is to rock.

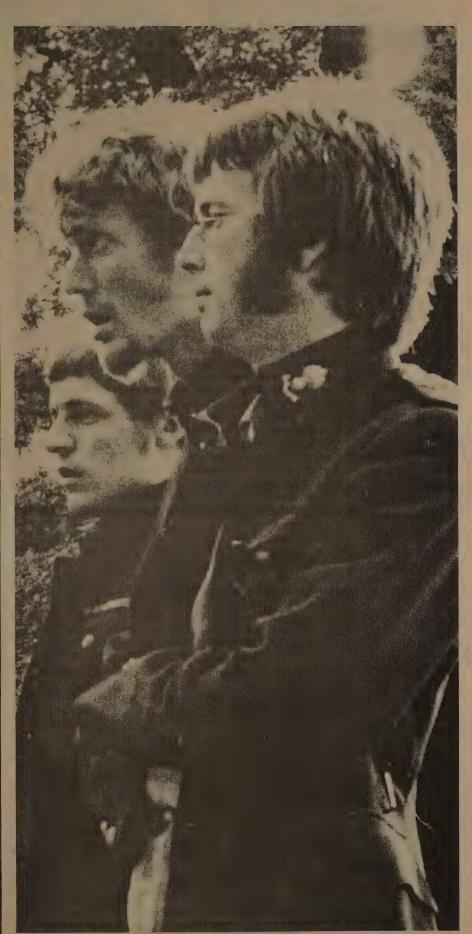
John Mayall's approach is more individualistic. His latest album, Bare Wires (London) is virtually all blues, but it uses some radical concepts in instrumentation and arrangements. There is really no attempt to sound much like a black bluesband at all; what Mayall does is to use the techniques originated by black bluesmen to make music that is strictly his own personal, white, British expression. To this end, he even abandons the usual language of blues lyrics, and substitutes a very literate and graceful, yet emotional, kind of English poetry. Of the three Mayall takes the most liberties with blues tradition, yet nobody uses the blues more honestly, or communicates better to his own audience.

Canned Heat is the least concerned with finesse of approach,



and the most concerned with the strictly musical values of what they are doing. They tend to perform what satisfies them the most, ranging from treatments as radical as Mayall's (their hit single, "On The Road Again," certainly qualifies with its Indian tamboura background) to very traditional cuts like "Marie Laveau." Of the three groups, Canned Heat is easily the winner for instrumental technique. All the members are brilliant soloists as well as peerless group players. With their 45-minute "Boogie" (their third album containing this monster should be out by the time you read this) they should step right into the power vacuum created by Cream. Another thing that distinguished Canned Heat from its contemporaries is a great sense of humor; Bob "The Bear" Hite makes a fantastic M.C. whose warm good-time rapping doesn't conflict in the least with the band's blues message. Canned Heat has come a long way from its first album, a rather pale emulation of early Butterfield.

A lot of newer groups are breathing hard on the heels of this mythical triumvirate; obvious names are Fleetwood Mac and Charlie Musselwhite. By the time you read this there will be more bands. Black men may still sing and play the best blues; I would not begin to dispute that statement. But blues has come to be an indispensable part of white rock, a fantastic trip for the musicians, and real satisfaction for the audiences. Plastic psychedelia just isn't the same. Blues is big enough for a lot of people; the more different kinds of expression we have in blues, the bigger it gets. It's everybody's blues.□barret hansen



- COMPLETE SONG INDEX -

Abraham, Martin & John	30
All Along The Watch TowerAlways Together	31 30
Bang Shang - A- Lang	33
Bring It On Home To Me	30
Chewy ChewyCinderella Sunshine	31
Crown Of Creation	
Destination Anywhere Do Something To Me	
Everybody Got To Believe In Somebody	30
For Once In My Life	29
Harper Valley PTA	
(Later That Same Day) Hi-Heel Sneakers	
Hold Me Tight	31
Hush	33
I'm In A Different World	32
Keep On Lovin' Me Honey	32

WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

Kentucky Woman30	
Let's Make A Promise	
Magic Carpet Ride31	
On The Way Home32	
Peace Brother Peace29 Porpoise Song34	
Ride My Seesaw34	
Sweet Blindness	
Take Me For A Little While28 Those Were The Days	
Who's Making Love29	
Yard Went On Forever, The29 You Need Me, Baby	

DO SOMETHING TO ME

(As recorded by Tommy James & The Shondells/Roulette)

JAMES CALVERT NORMAN MARZANO P. NAUMANN

Do something to me
I've got to find love in a hurry
Do something to me
Help me to ease all the worry
Whenever you're near me
You give me such a lovin' feeling
But baby you keep concealin' what I want
to know (so come on)
I want to know so come on

Do something to me
I've got to find love in a hurry
Do something to me
Help me to ease all the worry
Do something to me
Help me to ease all the worry
So let's get together just think of all
the time we've wasted
All the love we could-be tastin'
So baby let's go (oh come on)

Do something to me I've got to find love in a hurry Do something to me Help me to ease all the worry.

It should be so easy
For you to hear what my heart's sayin'
So why do you keep delayin'
What I want to know
So come on do something to me
(Repeat chorus)
©Copyright 1967 by Cordell Gentry
Conceptions, Inc. and Patricia Music
Publishing Corp.

•TAKEME FOR A LITTLE WHILE

(As recorded by the Vanilla Fudge/Atco)

TRADE MARTIN

I've been trying to make you love me
But everything I try just takes you further
from me
You don't love me no no
So you treat me cruel
But no matter how you hurt me
I'll always be a fool
If you don't want me forever
If you don't need me forever
And if you don't love me forever
Take me for a little while
I've got to make you love me
For a little while
I've just got to make you want me
I've got to stop it.

There should be a law
And no matter how you put me down
I love you more
I feel so helpless
And it ain't funny
Cause deep down inside I know
You're never gonna love me
If you don't want me forever
If you don't need me forever
If you can't love me forever
Take me for a little while
I'm gonna make you love me
For a little while
I've got to make you want me
Take me for a little while, baby
Can't you see it's gonna be me
Take me for a little while
Take me for a little while
I'm gonna tell you how I need you
Tell me how I want you
Take me for a little while.
©Copyright 1965 by Lollipon Music Corp.

• HI— HEEL SNEAKERS

(As recorded by Jose Feliciano/RCA Victor)

HIGGINBOTHAM

Put on your red dress baby Cause we're going out tonight Put on your red dress baby Cause we've going out tonight You better wear some boxing gloves, girl In case some fool might wanna fight

Put on your hi-heel sneakers
And your wig hat on your head
Did you hear what I said now
Put on your hi-heel sneakers, mama yeah
And your wig hat on your head
Well I'm pretty sure sweet darling
I'm pretty sure you're gonna knock 'em
dead.

Well put on your red dress mama
Because we're going out tonight
Put on your red dress mama
Cause we're going out tonight
Well you better bring some boxing gloves
In case somebody might wanna fight.

Well put on your hi-heel sneakers honey And your wig hat on your head now I said put on your hi, put on your hi, put on your hi-heel sneakers And your wig hat on your head

And your wig hat on your head
Well I'm pretty sure sweet darling
I'm really pretty sure you're gonna knock
'em dead.

Put on your hi-heel sneakers
And your wig hat on your head
Put on your hi-heel sneakers, mama
And your wig hat on your head
Did you hear what I said
Well I'm pretty sure sweet honey
I'm pretty sure you're gonna knock 'em
dead, etc.
Copyright 1964 by Medal Music.

• CINDERELLA SUNSHINE

(As recorded by Paul Revere & The Raiders/ Columbia)

MARK LINDSAY

See her dancing down the street now Flashing everyone she meets now
She wears clothes she weaves from time
And her name is Cinderella Sunshine Don't you want to spend some time with me?

Where do you go, Cinderella Sunshine? Where do you go, Miss Sunshine? Come the evening she'll be here But with the dawn she disappears
Where do you go, Cinderella Sunshine?

She could stay I've often told her one could stay I've often told her
But like the wind, I cannot hold her
Golden pumpkin, coach and four
Do you take her from my door?
Don't you want to spend some time with
me?

(Repeat chorus). CCopyright 1968 by Boom Music.

PEACE BROTHER PEACE

(As recorded by Bill Medley/MGM)

BARRY MANN CYNTHIA WEIL

Peace, brother, peace Peace, brother, peace
Peace, brother, peace
All of my sisters
All of my brothers (I say)
Peace, brother, peace
And I want you to tell them to love,
brother, love
Love, brother, love
All of my sisters
All of my brothers
Love, love, love.
No more talking No more talking Everything worth saying has been said Time for feeling, reaching down into your heart and givin' more
A time for givin' your hand to your

brother

brother
Time is changin' the man that you areTime to work at lovin' each other
Time for peace, time for peace
time for peace
I say peace, time and peace
We could get together
Do a little givin'
Change our way of thinking
Change our way of living
And Lord we could stop the hating
Ain't no time left for trying
When the kids are going hungry and the
good men all are dying
It's gotta be now now now now
It's gotta be now now now now

It's gotta be now now now now We gotta go ahead and climb that mountain

Gotta find a way somehow
We gotta have peace
Peace, brother, peace
Place, brother, peace
All of my sisters
All of my brothers
All of my brothers Peace, peace, peace.

©Copyright 1968 by Screen Gems -Columbia Music, Inc. New York, New York,

WHO'S MAKING LOVE

(As recorded by Johnny Taylor/Stax)

HOMER BANKS BETTYE CRUTCHER DON DAVIS RAYMOND JACKSON

All you fellows gather 'round me
And let me give you some good advice
What I'm gonna, gonna ask you now
You better think about it twice
While your out cheatin' on your woman
There something you never, even thought
of and that is

of and that is Who's making love to your old lady?
While you were out making love

Hear me now Who's making love to your old lady? While you were out making love.

I've seen so, so many fellows all in that same old bag
Thinking that a woman is made to, to be beat on and treated so bad
Oh, fellows let me ask you something I'm sure that you never ever dreamed of (Repeat chorus).

I know that other woman gives the other excuse I'm not trying to run your life Boy, it's up to you Oh you, oh you.

Reason why I ask this question I used to be the same old way When I decided to straighten up I found it was a bit too late
Oh that's when it all happened
Something I never ever dreamed of.

Copyright 1968 by East Publications.

SWEET DARLIN'

(As recorded by Martha Reeves & The Vandellas/Gordy)
RICHARD MORRIS You're the bright warm sunshine That fills my every day
You're the sweet soul music that sets my heart at play

You're the string around my mind That spins it like a top And such a good bad habit You got my mind in a ball and chain Your good lovin's drivin' me insane Like a moth I can't avoid the flame Sweet darlin', I'd walk a mile just to see

your face
Be content as a child in your embrace
Cause when you smile I'm a hopeless case
Sweet darlin', um um um Oh yes you are.

All my friends and neighbors Just can't believe it's true They say you're no good for me, honey
And I'm too good for you
But a by-stander's understanding always
will defend

Cause they can't see what you mean to me From the outside looking in I'm gonna love you till the end of time With the love as strong as a Georgia Pine And ain't no bad talk gonna change my

Sweet darlin', I'm like a needle in a stack of hay

Here I am and here I'll stay Till milk runs out of the Milky Way.

©Copyright 1968 by Jobete Music
Co., Inc.

•FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder/

Tamia)
RONALD MILLER
ORLANDO MURDEN
Goodbye old friend
This is the end of the man I used to be
Cause there's been a strange and welcomed
change in me
For once in my life
I have someone who needs me
Someone I've needed so long
For once unafraid I can go where lifeleads me

And somehow I know I'll be strong
For once I can touch what my heart used to dream of

Long before I knew someone warm like you Would make my dreams come true.

For once in my life I won't let sorrow hurt me Not like it's hurt me before For once I have something I know won't

desert me
I'm not alone anymore
For once I can say this is mine you can't take it

Long as I know I have love I can make it For once in my life I have someone who needs me

For once I can feel that somebody's heard my plea For once in my life

I have someone who needs me.

Copyright 1965 by Stein & Van Stock,

THE YARD WENT ON **FOREVER**

(As recorded by Richard Harris/ Dunhill)

JIM WEBB Is everyone safe?

Has everybody got a place to hide? Is everybody warm inside? Hear them singing? All the women of

Standing with the Kansas City housewives in doorways
In volcanoes and tornadoes on Doomsday.

There were houses, there were hoses, there were sprinklers
On the lawn, there was an ironing board
And she would stand amid her

And ask the children what they'd done at school that day
And the yard went on forever

There were blouses, with print roses,

checkered shirts And white levis, there was a frying pan And she would cook their dreams while

they were dreaming
And later she would send them out to play
And the yard went on forever.

Is everybody safe? Has everybody got a place to hide? Is everybody warm inside? Hear them singing? All the women of

Bombay Standing with the Nagasaki housewives

in doorways

In eruptions and destructions on

Copyright 1968 by Canopy Music, Inc.

ALWAYS TOGETHER

(As recorded by the Dells/Cadet)
BOBBY MILLER Just you, just me Always together I've made up my mind years ago
When I first gazed upon you I'd never let you go And it's amazing baby How we loved each other so And we'll always be (always be) always together.

We'll have our problems But we'll face them with pride But we'll face them with pride
Our love is protection
And we don't have to hide
And a thousand nights I'll kiss away
(The happy tears you cry)
And we'll always be (always be)
always together.

Just you, just me Always, always, always, always, always, always When the years have turned your hair to silver And the days of our youth have left us so very far behind
Golden, golden memories will keep in our minds And we'll always be, (always be) always together Just you, just me Always, always, always, etc. Ocopyright 1968 by Chevis Music, Inc.

EVERYBODY GOT TO

BELIEVE IN SOMEBODY (As recorded by Sam & Dave/Atlantic) ISAAC HAYES DAVID PORTER

If you walk away from me My whole world will crumble down I've been searching for someone like you You were lost but now you're found What'd you find, Dave? Tenderness when you need it
And a kiss oh for every goodbye
Everybody got to believe in somebody
Starting now, say you'll give me a try.

Believe in me for every moment
Don't you ever let your faith die
For believing is better than breathing
Girl, I know I'll never, never makeyoucry
If you do, your only tears will be tears of

You'll wonder what kind of man am I Everybody got to believe in somebody Starting now, say you'll give me a try.

Believe me when I say I want you Believe me oh I'll always want you Though disappointment will not embrace

I'll only show you tears of joy You had time to learn about pain no no

no
Your only tears will be tears of joy
Oh what kind of man am I Everybody got to believe in somebody Say you'll give me a try Everybody got to believe in somebody

baby Everybody got to believe in somebody, believe in me.

Copyright 1968 by Birdees Music and Walden Music, Inc.

BRING IT ON HOME TO ME OKENTUCKY WOMAN

(As recorded by Eddie Floyd/Stax)

SAMCOOKE

If you ever change your mind About leavin', leavin' me behind Oh bring it to me Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, oh yeah.

You know I laughed when you left But now I know I've only hurt myself Oh bring it to me Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'll give you jewelry, money too And that's not all, all I'll do for you Oh bring it to me Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah, yeah, yeah.

You know I'll always be your slave Til I'm dead and buried in my grave Oh bring it to me Oh bring your sweet lovin' Bring it on home to me, yeah, yeah, yeah.

If you ever change your mind About leavin', leavin' me behind Oh bring it to me Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Copyright 1962 by Kags Music Corp.

YOU'RE ALL AROUND ME

(As recorded by Percy Sledge/Atlantic)

E. HINTON D. FRITTS

You're all around me

here in my room.

Your sweet love surrounds me

And your gentle voice still lingers on and on and on You're everywhere
Your tender love and care still remains
on every thing you touched
Girl you're gone But your goodness stays on
And I thank you for these precious For without them it ain't worth living And I think about the love you've given And it's almost as if you were here, right

You're all around me
And can nothing bring me down
Cause you're all around me
All around me, all around me
You're all around me
You're pretty face is all around me, yeah
Your tender love and care is all around me.

Copyright 1968 by Ruler Music Co., Inc. and April Blackwood Music Co.

(As recorded by Deep Purple/ Tetragrammaton) Kentucky woman She shines with her own kind of light She'll look at you once in a day that's all wrong, looks all right And I love her, God knows I love her Kentucky woman She gets to know you She got to own you Kentucky woman.

Well she ain't the kind that gets turned at the drop of her name Something inside that she's got turns you on just the same And she loves me, God knows she loves me Kentucky woman
She gets to know you
She got to own you
Kentucky woman.

The good Lord's earth beneath my feet Gentle touch from that one girl is sweet and good Ain't no doubt I'm talkin' about Kentucky woman
She gets to know you
She got to own you
Kentucky woman.
Copyright 1967 by Tallyrand Music.

ABRAHAM, **MARTIN & JOHN**

(As recorded by Dion/Laurie)

DICK HOLLER

Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham Can you tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but the good I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend John Can you tell me where he's gone He's freed a lot of people but the good

I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin Can you tell me where he's gone He's freed a lot of people but the good die young.

I just looked around and he's gone.

Didn't you love the things they stood for Didn't they try to bring some good for you and me And we'll be free Someday soon it's gonna be one day.

Has anybody here seen my old friend

Bobby
Can you tell me where he's gone
I thought I saw him walkin' up over the
hill with Abraham and Martin and John.

Copyright 1968 by Roznique Music

PARADE OF SONG HITS

•HOLD ME TIGHT

(As recorded by Johnny Nash/Jad)

JOHNNY NASH

I don't want to hear it No more fussin', and a-fightin', baby Hold me tight Let's let by gones be by gones Let's think about tomorrow Girl, our future's bright Well, I know I was wrong But, I was just a fool Too blind to see You were the only girl for me
Ah, but now I see the light
And everything's gonna be all right
Baby, hold me tight. Copyright 1968 by Johnny Nash Music, Inc., c/o Walter Hofer, 221 West 57th St., New York, New York.

CHEWY CHEWY

(As recorded by the Ohio Express/ Buddah)

KRIS RESNICK JOE LEVINE

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy, baby

Always got a mouthful of such sweet things

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy

chewy, baby Chewy's full of sugar and I love her that way

Ooh I love to kiss her, love to hold her, love to miss her

Love to scold her, love to love her like I do Oohie little chewy don't know what you're doing to me

But you're doing to me what I want you to.

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy

chewy, baby
Every time you love me it's a real sugar treat

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy, baby

Love me little chewy cause you do it so

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy, baby

A living box of candy wrapped up so very fine

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy, baby
Do it to me chewy, chew me out of my

mind.

©Copyright 1968 by Peanut Butter Publishing, Inc. and Kaskat Music, Inc.

MAGIC CARPET RIDE

(As recorded by Steppenwolf/ Dunhill)

JOHN KAY JOHN MOREVE

I like to dream right between my sound

On a cloud of sound I drift in the night Any place it goes, it's right

Goes far, flies near to the star away from

Well you don't what we can find Why don't you come with me little girl on a magic carpet ride.

Well you don't what we can see Why don't you tell your dreams to me Fantasy will set you free Close your eyes girl, look inside girl Let the sound take you away.

Last night I owned an alladin's lamp And so I wished that I could stay Before the thing could answer me someone

came and took the lamp away I looked around a lousy candle is all I

CCopyright 1968 by Trousdale Music.

•ALL ALONG THE **WATCH TOWER**

(As recorded by Jimi Hendrix Experience/Reprise) **BOB DYLAN** There must be some way out of here Said the joker to the thief There's too much confusion I can't get no relief Business men they drink my wine Plowmen dig my earth None of them along the line Know what any of it is worth

No reason to get excited The thief he kindly spoke There are many here among us Who feel that life is but a joke But, you and I we've been through that And this is not our fate So let us not talk falsely, now The hour is getting late.

All along the watch tower Princess kept the view While all the women came and went Barefoot servants, too Outside in the distance A wildcat did growl Two riders were approaching The wind began to howl. Copyright 1968 by Dwarf Music.

•TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

(As recorded by Clarence Carter/ Atlantic)

G. JACKSON

C. CARTER

J. KEYS R. HALL

There is something baby about you that's really attracting me yeah
And your sweet love darling really got

a hold on me I've got a little taste of your love

And now I'm hooked on you yeah And I keep falling, falling but what can I do

I'm too weak to fight Listen to me baby Too weak to fight, yeah.

You're breaking down my health girl Can't eat, I can't sleep

I've tried to turn you loose but your hook is in too deep oh yeah

My resistance is getting a little low and I've got to find a cure
Cause I keep falling, falling, falling for

you yeah

I'm too weak to fight Listen to me baby
Too weak to fight, yeah
I'm too weak to fight You're messin' with my head You got me too weak to fight Too weak to fight now baby Calling wrong numbers
Too weak to fight now baby
You got my head going round and round

Too weak to fight now baby, baby, baby, baby baby

Too weak to fight.

Copyright 1968 by Fame Publishing Co.

The copyright line following the song, "Down At Lulu's," as printed in the February issue of Hit Parader erroneously read "Copyright 1968 by T.M. Music, Inc." The correct copyright line is: Copyright 1968 by Peanut Butter Publishing, Inc. and Kaskat Music, Inc."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4358), This 39, United States Code)

1. Date of Filling — September, 30, 1968

2. Title of Publication — HIT PARADER

3. Frequency of Issue — Monthly

4. Location of known office of Publication — Division Street, Derby, (New Haven County), Connecticut (zip —

06418)

6. Location of headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers — Division Street, Derby, (New Haven County), Connecticut (zlp — 06418)

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR

Charlton Publications Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut John Santangelo, Derby, Connecticut John Santangelo Jr., Derby, Connecticut

Known hondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities (if there are none, so state)

9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL (Section 182.122, Postal Manual)
Not Applicable

10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED (Net Press Run)
B. PAID CIRCULATION
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS,
STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION (including samples) BY MAIL,
CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D)
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED,
SPOILED AFTER PRINTING
G. TOTAL (Sum of E & F — should equal net press run
shown in A) 10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION 325,000 197,400 2,671 200,071 1,000 183,500 128,729 116,500

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of editor' Edward D. Konick

CROWN OF CREATION

(As recorded by the Jefferson Airplane/RCA Victor) KANTNER

You are the crown of creation You are the crown of creation And you got no place to go Soon you'll attain the stability you strive for

•I'M IN A DIFFERENT

In this world of ups and downs My dreams all fall through

WORLD

EDDIE HOLLAND

LAMONT DOZIER

BRIAN HOLLAND

A world I never knew

I'm in a different world

I'm in a different world.

Hey look in my eyes

on earth to me

the very start

I'm in a different world

I'm in a different world Now that you've been loving me

I'm in a different world.

your hand in mine

You're my way of life

Ah I'm in a different world

All the beauty surround me

I'm in a different world

I'm in a different world

Ah look what you've done to me

Ah look what you've done to me

Now that you've been loving me I'm in a different world

Now that you've been loving me.

And that's where I want to be

and night

A world so warm and sweet

A world so sweet and true

lonely day

of gray

crowd

In the only way that it's granted In a place among the fossils of our time.

(As recorded by the 4 Tops/Motown)

Things just don't work out no matter what

Disappointments haunt me through each

The world around I see in only shades

But when the lovelight shines upon my face I'm in a different world

I'm no longer just another face in the

You're all the sweetness of my life you see

You have brought a heaven right here

Now a man of wealth I know I'll never be But I'll be satisfied just knowing you love

On the stage of life I play a loser's part It seems like I've been down right from

Everytime I lift myself up off the ground

Something always happens to bring the curtain down

But when the lovelight shines upon my face

Each time you speak my name or put

The empty life I lead I leave it far behind

Cause you gave me love that I truly felt Most of all you made me believe in myself You're more than love to me

I'll forever cherish you more each day

A world that's every bit complete A world that's real you made me see

Copyright 1968 by Jobete Music Co.,

A world that's warm, a world that's

You see I'm strong and I'm proud

In loyalty to their kind They cannot tolerate our minds In loyalty to our kind We cannot tolerate their obstruction.

How it differs from the rocks I've seen their ways too often for my liking New worlds to gain

My life is to survive and be alive for you. Copyright 1968 by Icebag Corp.

KEEP ON LOVIN' **ME HONEY**

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell/Tamia)

ASHFORD SIMPSON

Keep on lovin' me, honey Keep on lovin' me true

Baby I'm gonna love you no matter what you do

For so long I depended on nothing but you

So don't you take your love, don't take it away from me

Cause life would stop right were I stand I'd just be a frame of a man Don't you take your love, don't take it

away from me

Cause if you leave you might as well take the air I breathe.

Keep on lovin' me, honey Don't you go nowhere Don't you know I'm satisfied with your tender care

When I get my inspiration, darling just knowing you're there

So don't you take your love, don't take it away from me

Cause like a leaf out on a tree You've become a part of me Don't you take your love, don't take it

away from me Cause if you leave you might as well take the air I breathe.

Would you take the heavens out of the sky

Imagine what the world would be like if the rivers went dry Oh Tammi, what good am I without you There's no thrill without you, darling

Like the sea without a shore Drifting forevermore.

Keep on lovin' me, honey Don't you change your mind Sugar I can't bear the thought of ever leaving you behind No matter what I do

Another you I'll never find
So don't you take your love, don't take
it away from me
Cause life would stop right where I am

I'd just be a frame of a man

Don't you take your love, don't take it away from me

Cause if you leave you might as well take the air I breathe If you leave you might as well take the

air I breathe Don't you take your love, don't take it

away from me Cause I need your love, I need it so desperately

Don't you take your love, don't take it away from me.

Copyright 1967 by Jobete Music Co.,

ON THE WAY HOME

(As recorded by the Buffalo Springfield/

NEIL YOUNG

When the dream came I held my breath

with my eyes closed
I went insane like a smoke filled day
when the wind blows

Now I won't be back till later on

If I do come back at all But you know me

And I miss you now.

In a strange game I saw myself as you knew me

When the change came and you had a chance to see through me

Though the other side is just the same You can tell my dream is real

Because I love you Can you see me now.

Though we rush ahead to save our time

We are only what we feel And I love you
Can you feel it now, yeah.
©Copyright 1968 by Springalo Music

and Cotillion Music.

HARPER VALLEY PTA (Later That Same Day)

(As recorded by Ben Colder/MGM) TOM T. HALL

Order, order...I'll have a cheeseburger and a small beer

Seriously boys, I would like to address this meeting of the Harper Valley

Why, there's Bobby Taylor, you son of

I was just strolling along the street tonight

on my way
To Kelly's bar and I saw your sign outside
that said PTA
I thought that meant party time already
So here I am and I'm having a lot of fun
You bunch of son of a guns.

Mr. Baker, widow Jones, Shirely baby, Mr. Peyton and distinguished guests Bunch of son of a guns

Hey, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson you say ole Bobby Taylor
Sittin' there and seven times he asked you for a date?

Well shuckins, hang right in there Bobby she'll probably come around if you'll just wait

And I can tell you why Mr. Baker's secretary up and left this town
She was expectin' to get a lot better job with Brown and Brown in another

Mrs. Johnson do you happen to be a grass

That makes you a Johnson grass widow Mrs. Johnson has posed the question, should widow Jones be told to keep her window shades pulled completely down?

Window shades pulled completely down?
To pull or not to pull, that is the question
Well, I'll leave it to a vote, now how do
you vote? No-o-o-o
You bunch of son of a guns, I think you
made a wise choice
It beats watching TV
Now that brings us to Shirley Thompson's

Now that brings us to Shirley Thompson's breath

Perhaps I shouldn't a brought that up

Tell the green phantom

Hey you are all really a bunch of swingers and I've sure had a lot of fun

Yeah, this is just a little Peyton Place and you're all Harper Valley son of a guns.

Copyright 1968 by Newkeys Music, Inc.

Inc

LOVE CHILD

(As recorded by Diana Ross & The Supremes/Motown)
P. SAWYER
R.D. TAYLOR F. WILSON D. RICHARDS You think that I don't feel What I feel for you is real In those eyes I see reflection Hurt, scorn, rejected Love child, never meant to be Love child, born in poverty Love child, never meant to be Love child, take a look at me.

I started my life in an old cold rundown tenement slum My father left, he never even married mom I shared the guilt my momma knew So afraid that others knew I had no name This love we're contemplatin' Is worth the pain of waiting We'll only end up hating The child we may be creating Love child, never meant to be

Love child scorned by society Love child always second best Love child different from the rest mmmmmbaby, mmmmmmbaby.

I started school in a worn torn dress that somebody threw out

I knew the way it felt to always live in doubt

To be without the simple things
So afraid my friends would see the guilt in me

Don't think that I don't need you Don't think I don't want to please you But no child of mine will be bearing The name of shame it'll be wearing

Love child, love child never quite as good Afraid, ashame, misunderstood But I'll always love you, I'll always love

you I'll always love you
I'll always love you, I'll always love

you-ou-ou You-ou-ou You-ou-ou-ou.

Copyright 1968 by Jobete Music Co.,

LET'S MAKE A PROMISE

(As recorded by Peaches & Herb/Date) T. BELL K. GAMBLE

M. FARROW Before I give my love to you There's one thing you must do Promise to be true And never make me blue I know you're afraid of being hurt

And our love turn into dirt So put your faith in me Let yourself go girl Cause each and every day love will find

If you're good baby

I'm gonna chase away all your doubts That's for sure baby Sweet darling, make a promise Promise you will be true

Sweet darling, please believe I'm gonna be good, good to you Oh let's make a promise.

Your eyes, your eyes they hypnotize You seem to be just my size You seem to be meek and wise I'm gonna have faith in you Together we can have a groovy thing Share the things true love can bring Until the day we die Let yourself go girl
Cause each and every day love will find a wav

If you're good baby I'm gonna chase away all your doubts That's for sure baby Sweet darling, make a promise A promise you will be true Sweet darling, please believe me I'm gonna be good, good to you Hey let's make a promise Promises, promises Let's make a promise Let's make a promise. ©Copyright 1968 by Downstairs Music Co. and World War Three Music Co.

BANG-SHANG-A-LANG

(As recorded by the Archies/Calendar) BARRY

I recall just walking down the street Trying to escape the city heat

I saw her from the corner of my eye, eye, eye

Yes she looked so good I thought I'd die My heart went bang-shang-a-lang, bang-shang-a-lang bang-shang-a-lang, bang bang

My heart went bang-shang-a-lang, bangshang-a-lang bang-shang-a-lang, bang bang.

Something said I shouldn't waste no time If I'm ever gonna make her mine
I walked right up and say how do you do,

My heart went bang-shang-a-lang, bang-shang-a-lang bang-shang-a-lang, bang bang

My heart went bang-shang-a-lang, bang shang-a-lang bang-shang-a-lang, bang bang.

I remember when I held her tight Felt like holding dynamite now What's that ringing in my ear Tell me ain't those bells I hear

Bang, bang, shang-a-lang Bang, bang, shang-a-lang Bang, bang, bang Shang-a-lang-lang Bang, bang, bang Shang-a-lang, lang.

Now she's gonna spend her life with me Then we'll be as happy as can be Because I love her more than I can tell,

Sunday afternoon we'll hear the bells And they'll go bang-shang-a-lang, bang-shang-a-lang bang-shang-a-lang, bang bang

And they'll go bang-shang-a-lang, bangshang-a-lang bang-shang-a-lang, bang, bang, etc.

©Copyright 1968 by Don Kirschner Mu-

sic, Inc.

DESTINATION ANYWHERE

(As recorded by the Marvelettes/ NICHOLAS ASHFORD VALERIE SIMPSON

Said to the man at the railroad station I want a ticket for one

He said well if you insist but where you wanna go miss

Destination anywhere, east or west

I don't care, you see my baby don't want me no more

And this old world ain't got no back door.

He looked at me with a funny face and

Are you sure you wanna go just any place I said if you ever loved a woman the way I loved that man

Surely Mr. ticket agent you could understand

Cause if it would it would swing both ways and I'd go right back to happy yesterdays
When I loved him tenderly

And all he needed was me As I stared through the window of the

I thought I heard my baby calling my

But it was just the conductor saying what dock do you prefer.

Copyright 1967 by Jobete Music Co.,

HUSH

(As recorded by Deep Purple/ Tetragrammaton) J. SOUTH

There's a certain little girl that's on my

Great gosh almighty she looks so fine She's the best girl that I've ever had Sometimes she sure makes me feel so bad.

Hush hush, I thought I heard her calling my name

Now hush hush, she broke my heart But I love her just the same now Hush hush, I thought I heard her

calling my name
Now hush hush, I need her loving and
I'm not ashamed now.

Early in the mrning Late in the midnight I want it and I need it now Got to have it.

She's got love that's like quicksand And all it took was the touch of her hand It blew my mind and I'm in so deep That I can't eat and I can't sleep.

Hush hush, I thought I heard her calling my name Now hush hush, she broke my heart

But I love her just the same now Hush hush, I thought I heard her calling my name

Now hush hush, I need her loving and I'm not ashamed now.

Early in the morning Late in the midnight I want it and I need it now Got to have it.

© Copyright 1967 by Lowery Music Co., Inc.



YOU NEED ME, BABY

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

He was the best marble shooter that lived in the whole darn town He never played in a football game where he scored under five touchdowns, oh no

He could run the 100 vard dash in 9.5, baby yeah

Once a house caught on fire and he went in and saved all of seven people's lives

He was the one most likely to succeed But a room full of trophies and ribbons ain't what you need, no You need yourself a man, girl

You need me, baby You need me, baby.

He was given the key to the city When he left home going to college Now he already had an A plus average But he felt that he needed a little more knowledge

People were at the train station Some cryin' and some brought lunch
And I watched the ones that were cryin'
And baby you were right in the middle of the bunch

He was the one most likely to succeed But a room full of trophies and master degrees ain't what you need, no You need a man baby

I think you need me.

I'm just a man that loves children Oh baby, you told me that you loved children too

Now I know I can't run the 100 yard dash as fast as he can, baby
But I know I can provide for you and

4 or 5 children too Now he ain't ever coming back for you baby

You read what the paper said He called this a little one-horse town

full of jive people I think his success is going to his head Now he don't even think to write you a pretty postcard baby

Try to see through him baby And stop tryin' to be so hard

I know he was the one most likely to

A man full of them high falootin' ideas Ain't what you need, no

You need yourself a man, baby
I'm puttin' my 40 in for me
You need me, baby.

© Copyright 1968 by Tree Publishing

PORPOISE SONG

(As recorded by the Monkees/ Coigems)

GERRY GOFFIN CAROLE KING

E-ru-e dom-i-ne an-i-mame-jus-re-qui-escat in-pr-ce My, my the clock in the sky
Is pounding away and there's so much A face, a voice an overdub has no choice An image cannot rejoice Wanting to be, to hear and to see Cryin' to the sky But the porpoise is laughing goodbye, goodbye Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Cliques, claques Riding the backs of girraffes For laughs all right for a while The ego sings of castles and kings and things that go with the life of style Wanting to feel, to know what is real The porpoise is waiting, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye,

goodbye. ©Copyright 1968 by Screen Gems-Columbia Music Co., Inc.

RIDE MY SEESAW

(As recorded by the Moody Blues/ Deram)

JOHN LODGE

Ride, ride my seesaw Take this place on this trip Just for me Ride, take a free ride Take my place, have my seat It's for free I worked like a slave for years Sweat so hard just to end my fears
Not to end my life beforehand
But by now I know I just have grown Run from my last race Take my place Have this number of mine Run, run like a fire Don't you run, in the race of more time Let's go where the bus ride's past Started work on a second class School talk, one and one is two
But by now that answer just ain't true My world is spinning around Everything is lost that I've found People run, come ride with me Let's find another place that's free Ride, ride my seesaw Ride, ride, ride my seesaw.

© Copyright 1968 by Palace Music Co., Ltd., 9 Albert Embankment, London, S.E. 1. Assigned to Felsted Music Corp. 539 W. 25th St., New York, New York

for the United States of America.



SWEET BLINDNESS

(As recorded by the 5th Dimension/ Soul City) LAURA NYRO Down by the grapevine Drink my daddy's wine, get happy Down by the grapevine Drink my daddy's wine, get happy Happy, oh sweet blindness

little magic, a little kindness of sweet blindness All over me, four leaves on a clover I'm just a bit of a shade hungover Come on baby do a slow float
You're a good lookin' riverboat
And ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me.

Down by the grapevine Drink my daddy's wine, good mornin' Down by the grapevine Drink my daddy's wine, good mornin'

Mornin', oh sweet blindness
A little magic, a little kindness of sweet
blindness all over me
Please don't tell my mother I'm a saloon and a moonshine lover Come on baby do a slow float

You're a good lookin' riverboat
And ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me.

(Don't ask me cause I)
Ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
Ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
Ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
Wine, of wonder, wonder (by the way)
Sweet blindness, a little magic, a little
kindness oh sweet blindness all over

Don't let daddy hear it He don't believe in the gin mill spirit Come on baby do a slow float You're a good lookin' riverboat
And ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me good to me

Now ain't that sweet eyed blindness good

Copyright 1967 by Tuna Fish Music,



pictures Thear Brigitta

The comparisons between the Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Frank Zappa will be inevitable. The main difference is one of motivation. Zappa raises a lot of sand, but underneath the stuff, his goals -- though not strictly musical -seem positive. His anarchy is cheerful, busy, rather diffuse and lacking intensity - and his concepts at base are almost conventional. Brown is -- well -- crazier. The first time I heard Brown's "Fire" -- not knowing who or what is was -my only thought was that Napoleon XIV had returned with a sequel to "They're Coming to Take Me Away -Ha, Ha." Brown, who has one of those dangerous stage acts involving self-mutilation, said in a British paper that he thought "Fire" was a good song. It is a shockingly cruel, destructive sound, an ugly sound, and I have strong doubts about the sincerity of Arthur Brown's protestions that he is playing music. He is definitely too irresponsible to be considered as a Presidential candidate, even were he American born.

For those of you who don't happen to feel comfortable with the precepts and ideas of Chairman Mao, it's comforting to know we have the Beatles with us in "Revolution" The Beatles don't make distinction as to who commits destruction or repression. They are anti-violence and pro-love. It says so in the song. The Beatles discuss "Revolution" with a peaceful and fairly well-ordered sound, more reminiscent of "All You Need Is Love," than of "I Am The Walrus," in shape and style, which is to say it is repetitious and not brilliantly formed. But the song is philosophically important, because it shows that the Beatles are not apolitical, and that they have taken a look around at the turbulance of world events and want to tell us where they stand. Maybe the Beatles thought of writing "Revolution" after seeing the film "Les Chinoises." The implications of "Revolution" make an interesting contrast to the sentiments expressed in the Rolling Stones' "Street Fighting Man" The Beatles and the Stones never seemed farther apart.

I am glad to know that the Beatles will not contribute support to violent causes of any type, but "Hey Jude," in all fairness, would have to be called the "A" side of the record. It is quite a darling work of art, though I question the necessity of at least the last minute and a half of the recessional chorus, and it does tax the patience of the disc jockeys.

"Hey Jude" is a warm Caribbean song conceived of "Lovely Rita" out of "The Fool on the Hill." What a pure and ecstatic seduction it is, drunk on meditation, orange suns rising and setting all over the place. Yes, "Hey Jude" is definitely an orange song, with a touch of mauve; guavas and hibiscus --". .*You say goodbye and I say hello. . .") breadfruit. No doubt Donovan would like it; so would Genoa Keawe and her Hula Maidens.

I don't think Jimi Hendrix has the slightest idea of what "All Along the Watchtower" is about. I don't mean to sound patronizing -- I don't understand it either, really. And somehow, I don't think Bob Dylan would mind Hendrix' interpretation. I believe Dylan likes to have other people do his songs: Burl Ives or the Byrds, Manfred Mann, the

Four Seasons, or Julie Driscoll. I think he must feel that Dylan's Word should be spread, by whatever means. And so it is. There are probably lessons for other songwriters in that attitude.

"I Shall Be Released," Dylan's fistful of lace, is my favorite record of the year so far: Performed by the Band from Big Pink on a single, backed by "The Weight," a song written by group member Jamie Robbie Robertson. Though both sides are virtuous, "The Weight" will apparently be the more popular; Jackie DeShannon has recorded it in popstyle more suitable for the Burt Bacharach kind of song. The Band, however, performs it like the expressionists they are, hearty white blues with surrealistic lyrics; The Band has just the edge of poetry to keep them from sliding off into—voiding off into—a technical abyss like too many of these hot-house, truck-garden city blues bands. Perhaps the ability to do philosophy progressions, a little haltingly as yet, is something useful they have picked off of Dylan; though, on the whole, they seem untouched by him. "The Weight" is as indicative of their thing as "I Shall Be Released" is not.

I welcome Bob Dylan's allegorical jokes--If you become too intensely serious about any religious idea, it is apt to stiffen into a stuffy, unappealing dogma. With "I Shall Be Released," Bob Dylan has put his glamorous grips on Reincarnation and Cosmic Consciousness. Whether he believes it or not is less important than the fact that the influential Bob Dylan is entertaining the concept, even as a jest. The quasi-religious mood is established right at the introduction, piano lead-in so like that of the BeeGees' "Words" that it gives you pause. The urge to contrast this with the religious-oriented songs of the Bee Gees is irresistible; and it must be concluded that Dylan makes the Bee Gees look like kids; there was never any question of that, of course; I always knew he could do that. huge, coiling noise like a giant bedspring provides counter-rhythm to the handsomely set-up bass. The whole production is precise, deliberate, as though prepared from a carefully-copied recipe. It is really amazing how many separate levels of meaning Dylan can fold into a few short verses. On the surface, he would be discussing a man in jail who appears at first to be planning revenge against "....every man who put me here..." But the key word in this line is "phrase". Two other recent Dylan songs, "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest" and "I Pity the Poor Immigrant," both from John Wesley Harding, are in this vein. It is a nice metier, and I hope he does more like it. Dylan is at the same time consciously playing with a certain musical trend. The vocal of "I Shall Be Released" is a semi-falsetto, with no serious pretense at hitting the high notes. The singer's raw tremulousness does have a certain useful poignancy. ".... I see my life come shining from the West out to the East. . ." ,- obviously an opposite direction to that which the sun traditionally takes. But I can conceive of the sun breaking tradition for Bob Dylan, who, in his better times, calls forth images of Poseidon and Victor Hugo 🗆

1988; AYEAR FOR

NOSTALGIA



It was good then, good when we were young then, when we were new and The Apple was fresh and the other apples, wrinkling and shrivelling in creaking barrels, tended by old misers and ghostly villains, drew their shroud-skins more tightly around themselves and said "They'll learn, they'll learn it's no fun, no fun at all."

It was, though. It was fun in Wigmore Street with the office-Beatles, hobbits entranced by their new spring business - suits sprinkled with bright buttons, mandalas and daisies which winked reassurance at the other young revolutionaries and seemed to say: "We're still on your side, don't let the suits deceive you."

In the early, shining summer of 1968 we had Apple Music, Apple Shops, Apple Films and Apple Electronics. We hadn't made a record and we hadn't made a film. We hadn't sold a single invention and we hadn't opened any shops outside London. What is more, we had spent nearly a million pounds of The Beatles' money. So it was then, when "But surely it's time you had a record out," "But don't you think it's time..." "But it can't be possible for The Beatles...." when most of the questions began like that, we said "Yes" or "No" or "Wait", because even then it was beyond doubt, beyond the far-shaded tip of a shadow of doubt within any of us forty or so at Apple, that in the fullness of time, the hits would mount and the albums increase across the universe so that every village which had passed the Age of Mud would have the green Apple apple smiling at them from the record stand beside the player, beyond doubt that when the patents of the inventions of Magic Alex Mardas were safe from the thievery of the business bandits who at the beginning of time would have stolen the blue-print for childbirth had they been Abel. One week "The Observer" came to Apple to see, "The Mirror" to reflect, and both were drolly surprised to find that John and Paul came in daily and on time, whatever the time. For Paul it was about half past ten and for John, a man of erratic sleep, three hours later. Each stayed until nightfall, and further, in those days and my goodness we kept busy. We had suggestion boxes for suggestions, and the amazing thing was that the suggestions were read and interpreted and, incredibly, implemented in many cases. "I suggest we... "May we please have ...?" Done. Certainly.



A time-and-motion man would have lost his reason in those days in Wigmore Street. I had a slim shoebox of a room and such were our promises of a hearing for anyone with something creative to offer; anyone off the street who was frustrated with years of screaming for someone to listen; any singer who could climb a scale; anyone with a piece of colored paper which he called a painting; any caller with rhyme he believed to be poetry; any Fellini of the 1970s. Such was our published pledge to be a market place for the lowly artist, years of pain. a gathering of Beautiful People, that by dusk any night there could be a duo of guitarists "better than Clapton," a Mancunian who saw himself as a mingling of "Mr. Kite," "John Wesley Harding", "Billy Shears", "The Mighty Quinn" and "Popeye, the Sailor Man' and having thus seen, sought 50,000 pounds to make a film of him acting

out the fantasy, California author-to-be

with hair like a hedge in Heswell, a

sculptress who had never sculpted but

who wanted facilities to make a nude

out of patent leather and then cover it in oil to induce "tactile delight, (you and whose army?) a Geordie who had caught the Parisian inflections of his French girlfriend and who wanted a flat in which to rehearse - and me, sitting on the floor, on the windowsill, in the waste paper basket, on our hands, on each other's head. All this, and cups of tea, and cigarettes, and Scotch and ahead, a train to dark Dorking, all this was in a cupboard tolerable only to a typist cowed by

But it was good because we met some fine people and some terrible people and that's how it goes. In the big corner room, John and Paul and George and Ringo would play host to those with goods to sell and needs to be met. Nilsson came in after arriving in England and met Kenny Everett there, and Twiggy came the day before with Justin, both of them looking wonderful and happy and quite rightly. Ron Kass, Apple Music head,

fresh to Apple in 1968, from the chieftancy of the outriding Liberty Records International Division, walking with diplomacy from room to room, learning the strange dialect of the Liverpudlian and there were lots of us then - Neil Aspinall, the managing director, with a face like a carving of Alexander the Great, 26, from Liverpool; Alistair Taylor, ex-Nems record store, ex-Epstein's general manager, now Apple's general manager at 33, from Liverpool; Tony Bramwell, 23, Apple Films assistant, ex-Epstein office boy brighter than white, from Liverpool; Peter Brown, 32, ex-Epstein personal assistant, calm and very smooth and very nice, now special assistant to The Beatles ("Ringo, I was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Burton and they would love you to have lunch on the yacht next Sunday..." "Leslie Grande tells me the Queen would like the Beatles...really it is a frightfully difficult one to solve, however. : .. from Liverpool. Me, an adjustable spanner now reunited with The Beatles after a tryst with California, from Liverpool. Mal Evans (with Nel, a

(continued on page 53)

MARY HOPKIN: RIRSTAPPIBSBBD



Mary Hopkin left school four weeks before taking her university entrance examinations. Her marathon eight week run on the preposterous Opportunity Knocks TV talent contest didn't allow for sixth form swotting, and alongside a recording contract with Apple Records, any possible matriculation certificate was positively insignificant. So she pressed her navy skirt - the one that got her into so much trouble for being so risque (two inches above the knee) - and passed it on to a younger girl in school.

But she saved the blazer: "When she was at school she would never

wear it. Now she wants to keep it for the badge," says her mother, fingertip-testing her hands primly across the creases of her dress.

Although they will never admit it, none of the Hopkin family can fully realize what is happening to them: can grasp that it was no less than Twiggy who told the Paul McCartney how great their Mary was; can begin to understand the expense and enthusiasm, that only a Beatle launching. his dream organization, could put behind her.

Father, Mr. Howel Hopkin, housing officer with the Pontardawe Rural Coun-

cil, Glamorgan South Wales), looks on the whole splendid charade of starcreating with a benused benignity: "No, I'm not nervous - you get hardened to this sort of thing in local government. It's probably a good training for anything"...but then... "Your man's takin a lot of pictures, isn't he? Mrs. Hopkin's father took photographs. Best pictorial photographer in Wales he was - won 13 firsts, he did." And Mary herself, at eighteen, the

girl from the valleys and Top Rank Dancing in Swansea on Saturday nights; the girl who lost five pounds in weight during her Opportunity Knocks stint. "I feel so different from those London girls. When you go out with someone here it's just kissing, but I know they take it for granted there - I'm so confused."

She meets us at the front door of their stone house (mock nineteenth century - actually post-War) in the steep-sided Brynawel Road, Pontardawe, with her hair just washed and fluffy. She's clearly in a state of off-hand nerves. Her answers to pleasantries and compliments come out instantly to hide her shyness; we ask her how she feels about anything (everything) and it's "all right."

With ease she peels off the events, polite but obviously bored. "We went up to Cardiff and I auditioned for Opportunity Knocks, and I was chosen from about two hundred. And apparently Twiggy saw me, and I got a message asking me to phone someone at Apple Records called Peter Brown - and when I did I found I was talking to someone with a Liverpool accent, and I found out later it was Paul McCartney would you like a cup of tea? - and he sent a car for me from London, and he auditioned me, and he asked me if I'd like to sign a contract, and - Mum says "Would you like some fruit cake?

As she speaks we study her. John Kelly, the photographer whom Paul McCartney sent down "to record every inch of her life at home," is performing strange contortions on the floor, clicking like a madman, pushing his exposure meter under her nose, next to her bust, into her hair, then wandering 'round the floral room perusing the Victorian Swansea Pottery tea service, the gilt painted frame to the Renoir print, the display cabinet of golfing cups, the books on Welsh culture and history. Mary keeps on with her tale - learned pat with the telling. She's slim and flat-bottomed and has a good forehead dusted with powder.

fine straight legs not too many weeks out of ankle socks, and an all-embracing air of innocence - not the sweet - little - have - me - if - you - can - get - me sort of girl - all commercial facade, but someone gauche and childlike and with an accusing honesty. Mary Hopkin hasn't time to learn the tricks of any trade.

"Yes, Mary's always been singing. I wanted her to be in serious singing and music. Perhaps be a music teacher or something." Her mother is talking and pouring tea and cutting cake and becoming chief narrator. Mary sits quietly, only interjecting to disagree when her mother's innate sense of public relations looks like opening a credibility gap. "Of course it was in chapel that she started singing doesn't everybody in Wales? She's been faithful in Tabernacle (the Pontardawe Congregational Tabernacle) since she was four, but she can't go as much as she'd like to now, because of all the late nights.

"As a child she was always sweettempered and not a bit mischievous (Mary cringes under the weight of her blushes). And she's quiet around the house, too, and very cool. When she had to go to Cardiff to make her first television appearance I was in a terrible state rushing - trying to get her ready, but she insisted on having a good breakfast. She never panics, you see."

Mrs. Hopkin races on: "You have to trust them don't you? I mean if she'd been going to the University she would have had to leave home. She's had a sheltered life but she'll be able to live in London with her sister (Carol who starts at a London art college in September). If she keeps on as she is now we'll be happy with her. I would have liked her to have gone to Cardiff College of Music, of course, but now this has happened... well..."

Professionally, Mary's career began with some engagements in Working Men's Clubs in South Wales, ("the furthest I got was Brigend, near Cardiff") and some appearances singing folk songs on Welsh television programs. She was given her guitar, which is now battered and cracked, three years ago, together with a mandolin. She never learned to play the mandolin, but caused a positive liturgical crisis when she took her guitar down to Tabernacle one Sunday morning.

"My interest in folk music was started by a golfing friend of my father's. He's a sanitary inspector called Ieuan Lewis. He's very interested in Welsh culture and began looking for songs for me. He was at Dylan Thomas' funeral, you know."

We nod with fitting reverence.

"It was through him that I became interested in Judy Collins and Joan Baez." And it doesn't take a very acute listener to spot their influence in her singing.

In the T-shaped valley town of Pontardawe (population: 10,000, industry: light engineering) Mary's already a star.

Even the cats, they say, voted for her when she appeared on television, and everybody wants to know the Hopkin family now. A walk through the rural lanes. (and equally rural streets.) with Mary is a running congratulation, shrilled in a garbled mixture of Welsh and English from behind every privet hedge, or lace curtain, and from out of every slow moving car. This could only happen in Wales. Could any but the Welsh share another's good fortune and success without a trace of envy or malice? If Mary Hopkin lived in London the neighbors wouldn't give a damn.

Standing on Elephant Rock above the town at night, father Howel Hopkin becomes almost sentimental: "They're all from 'round here, you know: Richard Burton was born just over there, Ray Milland more this side, Donald Peers in that direction, and now Mary Hopkin down here in Pontardawe."

Says Mrs. Hopkin: "All my mother's side were very musical - nice tenors, you know. And we entered Mary in the Eisteddfods and the Urdd Festival - but she never won anything for the singing. I would have liked her to have been a serious singer, she had voice training in Cardiff every Saturday morning, but when Paul McCartney phoned...She's always been a Beatle fan, thought. Her bedroom wall was covered with their pictures one time. When they first started we were on a touring holiday in North Wales, and had to stay three days in Llandudno, because they were going there and Mary wanted to see them.

Back at home again the telephone drills its alarm. Mother, making ham sandwiches, answers: "It's to say you must go to London tomorrow, and have you learned the songs that Paul asked you to?"

Mary takes the phone herself. Mother continues. "While you were out Elizabeth Taylor was on the telly. Oh she was beautiful. She's bought this Claude Monet painting, they said."

And then confidentially to her daughter: "Don't you go up to London in a first class carriage, because I don't want you sitting by yourself. You never know who might get in with you. Go second class with everybody else. Well, you never know."

Already, after a few television appearances, Mary Hopkin is becoming a national favorite. In a time when the girl next door is a randy little nymph she offers an aura of simplicity. When she sings, her voice is pure and straight. She's the daughter every father would want.

She says: "There's a man in Ireland whose dying of cancer and he wrote to me asking for a record. He only has a few weeks left to live. It makes you wonder...

"No, I've never been in love. I think it's daft the way some of the girls at school were always in love with a different boy. There's no one at all now. I just haven't the time. And when I'm in London I feel so much of a country bumkin alongside all those sophisticated girls. Still I'll be happy to get to London now and again." \square derek taylor



•THOSE WERE THE DAYS

(As recorded by Mary Hopkin/Apple)

GENE RASKIN

Once upon a time there was a tavern Where we used to raise a glass or two Remember how we laughed away the hours Think of all the great things we would do Those were the days my friend We thought they'd never end We'd sing and dance forever and a day We'd live the life we choose We'd fight and never lose For we were young and sure to have our way.

Then the busy years went rushing by us We lost our starry notions on the way If by chance I'd see you in the tavern We'd smile at one another and we'd say Those were the days my friend We thought they'd never end We'd sing and dance forever and a day We'd live the life we choose We'd fight and never lose Those were the days, oh yes, those were the days.

Just tonight I stood before the tavern Nothing seemed the way it used to be In the glass I saw a strange reflection Was that lonely woman really me Those were the days my friend We thought they'd never end We'd sing and dance forever and a day We'd live the life we choose We'd fight and never lose Those were the days, oh yes, those were the days.

Through the door there came familiar laughter

I saw your face and heard you call my

Oh my friend we're older but no wiser For in our hearts the dreams are still the same

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose

Those were the days, oh yes, those were the days.

©Copyright 1962 and 1968 by Essex Music, Inc. New York, N.Y. International Copyright Secured all rights reserved Including Public Performance for Profit.

And Censorship For example the Indian religious use of number of phallic symbols which are considered obscene by many Western

Into that inverted coffin with the iron grill which Rolling Stones Inc. are disposed to call a lift, and up to the top floor where it stops with a shuddering crash, having apparently come into contact with some obstruction in the roof, I went.

This is the group headquarters, known to a few as "burglars roost" as it has already been done over three times (note to future housebreakers: the office has been recently mined) and in which another in our exciting World Series, "The Stones versus Assorted Reporters" is being staged.

The first contestant is already in the ring as I arrive, but comes reeling out of an outer office, clutching his ears and muttering, "He's in good form this week" as he stumbles dazedly out of the door. Jagger espies it's me, next wicket down, and smiles carnivorously (in spite of recent visits to "Cranks" vegetarian restaurant) rather like the wolf at Red Riding Hood.

"What a big tape recorder you have there, me dear."

"All the better to hear you with!" Into the conference room where M. Jagger's second is K. Richard, and a silent publicist Mr. D. Sandison, with lowered sideboards sits adjudicating, I set up my equipment and M. Jagger treats me to spirited version of "Hey Jude" before leading with his left.

"I thought the Beatles were awfully nice on telly last night - didn't you, Keith? Did you like John's hair?"

"I thought it was lovely and fluffy," agrees Keith.

"Yes, I like the Beatles," nods Mick.
"Great record."

Adopting Floyd Patterson's famous peek-a-boo stance I inquire whether we might see the Stones shortly on "live" TV?

"We're always doing it," jabs M. Jagger. "We've never stopped doing that 'Top of the Whatsits.' Anyway I don't think the Beatles were live. I noticed the picture sliding at the beginning of their clip and that's something that only happens on a video tape. So I 'sussed' it, not that it matters."

For those of you who like to collect the colours of the contestants, M. Jagger was wearing his green trousers, open chested white silk shirt with a brilliant green, yellow and red Indian scarf and small curved scimitar on a chain about his neck. His hair had been toned a darker brown for his role in his first feature film, "Performance" - and he appeared to have stitches over one eyebrow. I commented on the nasty cut.

"That's not a cut," snarled M.J, defending vigorously. "That's where the nice make-up lady was dying my hair, slapped her disc and spilled some of the liquid on my eyebrow - gaily laughing."

We take up the subject of the Stones controversial album sleeve - the now notorious lavatory wall - and more important, the whole aspect of censorship.

"What really worries me is the principle of being dictated to over our product by our distributors. The question of who decides what we can produce. They're trying very hard now to get copies of the songs. It's not terribly important what colour wrapper you put on the thing, but it is important that we should be free to express our thing the way we see it:

"I am opposed to all forms of censorship. The only censorship one can have is by the artists themselves, which we do subconsciously any way. For example I'm not being told to swear during this interview but I'm not being told not to.

"Neither do I agree with the idea that children should be protected against certain knowledge - children are innocent. The only obscenity is really in the minds of the people who think it. If you think something is dirty or obscene - that is your interpretation of it.

of number of phallic symbols which are considered obscene by many Western eyes. We tried to keep the album within the bounds of good taste - it's not really toilet graffiti."

M.J. has kindly sent a book on this subject to Decca chief Sir Edward Lewis, who has promised to read it. On the question of certain songs like "Street Fighting Man" being "subversive" Keith

was into the fray.

"We're more subversive when we go on stage," said Keith. "Yet they still want us to make live appearances. If you really want us to cause trouble we could do a few stage appearances."

Is there really any chance of that? "Oh yes, we'll be troubling a few rabbles shortly," said Mick who glanced down at a copy of "Cashbox" on the table and added, "I see Elvis has a new album out - "It's Almost Love," - or something."

Would the solution to a lot of their difficulties be to have their own label

like the Beatles Apple?

"The Apple label is still really EMI," said Mick. "I mean they distribute for Apple and if the Beatles wanted something out which they did not approve of no doubt it could be stopped. That doesn't really interest me."

What does interest Mick?

"Making music interests me but unfortunately you can't buy it at the moment which is a pity because we'd like to get on with making the next album." Doesn't making money interest him?

"Not really," uppercutted M.J.

Perhaps Mick would like to tell us something about what is on the new album should we be lucky enough to hear it

"Well there's a samba," said Mick reflectively. "It's called 'Sympathy For The Devil' and that's my personal favorite and my favorite ballad is 'No Expectations' and then there is a country lament with latter inserts called 'Dear Doctor."

Perhaps Mick would like to tell us something about his new movie, 'Performance' on which he has just begun work.

"I make love to Anita Pallenberg in it a few times, of course - she's my leading light in the film. I'm not going to tell you anymore about it because it doesn't come out till next year."

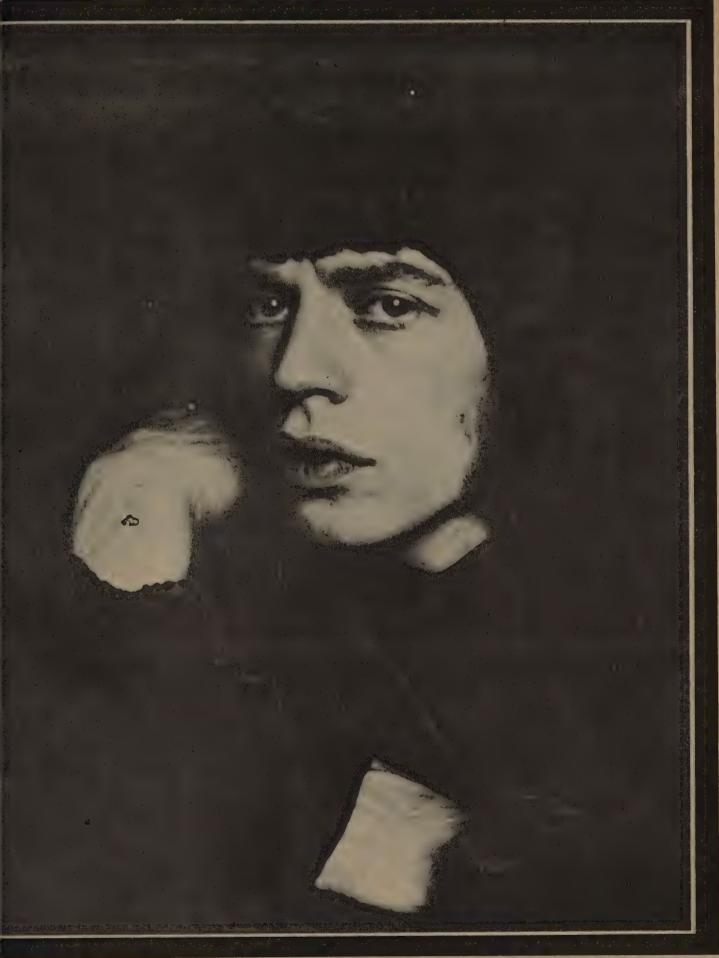
What kind of a story is it?

"A love story."

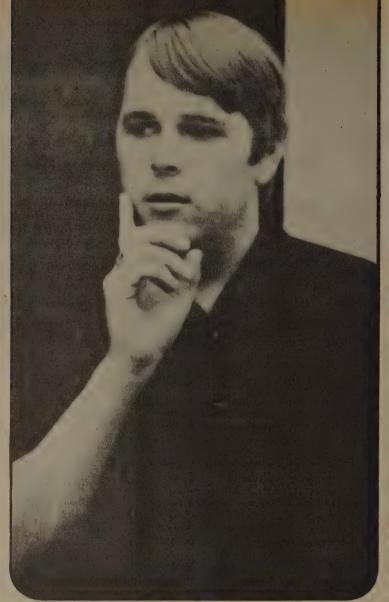
What role does Mick play?

"A lover."





Interview With CARL WILSON



HP: How important is concert touring to you, as compared to recording or writing?

Carl: Well, writing and recording are always the most important, because you couldn't tour unless you had records and songs. But, to me, touring is just as important, because I enjoy the contact with the people. I like going places and seeing people.

HP: We've heard many stories about how the Beach Boys record. How do you find recording as an experience? Carl: It's a great experience. We always enjoy recording.

HP: Does it take a long time?

Carl: Depending . . . sometimes it does. The last few records haven't taken much time at all; we've just been able to do them very easily. They would happen more or less, naturally. Sometimes it takes a long time. There might be some difficulty in any given part of a record, but it generally is easy for me.

HP: In comparison, how long did it take to record "Good Vibrations" as

opposed to a song like "Wild Honey?" Carl: Well, gee that's really a frantic contrast, because "Wild Honey" took maybe an hour, an hour and a half, and "Good Vibrations" over a period of three or four months. It took about two weeks of eight-hour days, at least, in the studio.

HP: Up until "Good Vibrations," according to everybody, you played surf music. Then you came out with "Good Vibrations" and you were the hit in everybody's book. Since then you've been going back and forth. There's been no definite pattern. How do you account for this?

Carl: It depends on how you feel in the studio. You could write a song, and you could record it on a few different days, and you'd get a few different records. It depends on what's happening that day, and how you feel. Depends on the vibrations. It really does.

HP: Did you record the "Wild Honey" album as a whole, or was it just bits and pieces collected?

Carl: We did it more or less as a

whole, we did it in a couple of weeks. We just had a good time, we'd do one song and then do the next.

HP: Some people are saying that, like "John Wesley Harding," it was a return to simplicity. Was it a conscious effort to turn back to the basics?

Carl: No, no. The only conscious return we've had is on our new single called "Do It Again." It was just natural. Because we've come to let things kind of happen. Let things go down the way they did, that's how "Wild Honey" was like it was. We just did it. Even more so was an album called "Smiley Smile" which we really let happen. We didn't try to do anything. We just recorded it.

HP: I heard it was recorded in your home.

Carl: Yes, that's at Brian's house. We record all of our things at Brian's house.

HP: Do you just invite people to have a good time in your songs?

Carl: Yeah, that's always the point of music anyway. Just to get some lovin'

HP: Has good vibrations become a clicke?

Carl: We've always been sensitive to vibrations, and we just thought....you know...good vibrations. I mean, what else is there? Good vibrations, on that basic level because vibrations come before anything. Because before there was the world there were vibrations. You know,...sound.

HP: How do you think your records tie in on any kind of level, socially or politically with what's happening in the states right now?

Carl: I don't know where they tie in or where they go.

HP: Are you affected much by political

Carl: We've never written any lyrics that were political. I wouldn't say that political happenings have any great bearing on our records at all. You might say they have no bearing on our records. But we find coincidences in a lot of things we do with world happenings and things. Because everything is tied in together. It's only natural that there would be a coincidence. But we don't really do anything consciously political.

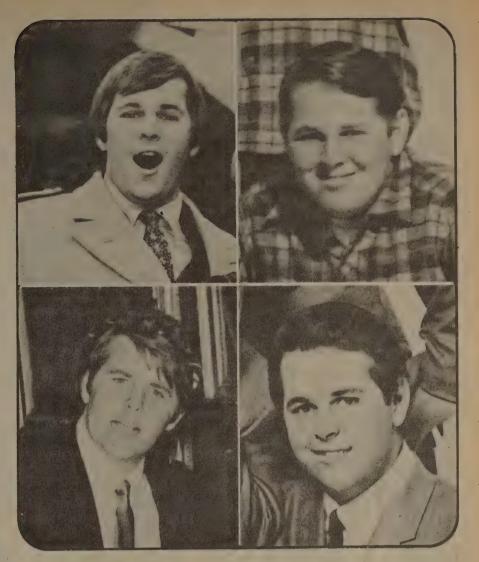
HP: I was speaking to Frank Zappa at one time and he was angry about the Los Angeles police and the whole system. Do you get upset over those kind of things?

Carl: Yeah, I think that sometimes everybody gets a little uptight with the particular system. But people sometimes tend to get uptight with the people who are working with the system, and I don't think you can condemn the people, really, because they're working at the system. It's like I said before, we've learned how to just accept things and just let things happen, just take life as it comes. Same thing with any situation. I guess we all try to plan to a certain point but planning doesn't really mean anything, when it really comes down to it, because anything can happen.

HP: What do you think is happening with America?

Carl: I don't know. It kind of gets confusing. There are a lot of things happening with America. It appears that America is in a lot of trouble, you know, but, yet things get better all the time. I guess there's a balance. I mean, relatively speaking I guess America's really in some ways in terrible, terrible condition. But I would say on an absolute level, I mean really absolute, everything is just groovy. Because the world is always gonna go through changes.

HP: Who are some of the people in America that you admire? Carl: (Pause).



HP: Anybody. Friends, relatives, important personages.

Carl: You didn't necessarily mean anybody political or anything.

HP: No.

Carl: Oh good. There are a lot of people in music that I admire. I think that Phil Spector is probably one of the greatest, you know, without a doubt. That's obvious.

HP: What is he doing now?

Carl: He's probably just living. He's doing something. Well, for all I know he's probably made a bunch of records since he was publicly releasing. I couldn't say for sure. You never know....I admire my brother Brian. You ask me that, and it kind of really puts me on the spot, so I really couldn't openly say. I admire everyone, but since you ask, I couldn't really put my finger on it.

HP: I've always been very curious about how a song like "I'd Love Just Once To See You" was recorded.

Carl: I don't know. It was just a mood. I'd just love once to see you, that's all. Yeah, it just happened, that's all.

HP: What are some of your favorite Beach Boy songs?

Carl:Oh, "Good Vibrations," "Caroline No," "God Only Knows," "Don't Worry Baby," there are several.

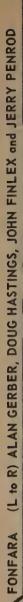
HP: Is there any one album that gives you the most satisfaction?

Carl: I'd say without a doubt that it would be "Pet Sounds."

HP: How did that album come about? Carl: I don't know. I think the album came from another place. I couldn't answer that if I tried. It just happened. We really haven't had any control over anything we've done really. It's like it all kind of happened. That's all I can really say about "Pet Sounds."

HP: One last question. Do you have any time to enjoy things on the tour other than the actual concert?

Carl: Yeah. For instance today I enjoyed everything immensely. Like I enjoyed the hotel, and I enjoyed the garden, and I enjoyed the weather and I enjoyed everything. You know...you can always enjoy, you don't have to take time out to say 'Okay now I'm gonna enjoy something.' You can always enjoy things. Djuan rodriguez



They were to be the super group. A collection of the seven best musicians six months ago when producer Paul Rothchild conceived of them and called all over California, Seattle, Chicago and Toronto to find them and bring them together. They were put together and told to work it out. And that they did.

They are vocalist John Finley, guitarist and occasional pianist Danny Weis, Doug Hastings on guitar, Jerry Penrod on bass, Michael Fonfara on organ and Alan Gerber on the electric piano and alternate vocal chords. They are now Rhinoceros, a combination of hide and horn, heavy and solid, animal and evolutionary freak. Rhinoceros: an anachronistic but formidable citizen of the jungle.

They played and jammed in the beautiful new Elektra recording studio in Los Angeles, while the engineers were getting the bugs out of the system (and every time I heard about it I had visions of the Doors running around the recording floor with little exterminator guns). When they were ready and not before, they cut a record of which, at the time of this writing, I had heard only unmixed tapes, and that, by accident. It was enough.

The music is heavy with a shade of soul and the thunk of funk, very structured and very secure. And I was told that each cut was recorded live, a complete take at that. They didn't even have to isolate the vocals. It is as much of a live performance that could be captured

in a studio. And by the time this piece appears in print, the album will have been released, Rhinoceros EKS 74030, and I will have heard much more of it. I'm looking forward to that. At present, I spend every available evening down in Greenwich village hearing them live at the Cafe Au Go Go.

I spoke to them in the office of their manager about a week after I had heard the tapes. They were glad to be in New York where they felt they would accomplish more. I learned a bit of the geography of rock from them. In California, they felt, the pace was too slow ("everyone's laid back") to get very much done, in Toronto there is no place for a musician to grow. Chicago was a good place to learn

the blues (but you wouldn't want to live there) and New York is the place where they decided to come to establish their reputation; the the place to which they'd return to live up to it. The conversation was excited and there were many interruptions. They were all triumphant, enthusiastic and articulate. As I played the tape over and over I had trouble distinguishing one voice from another. So I decided not to. The following exerpts from the interview have been edited, the "I"s have been changed to "we". When you hear the Rhinoceros album, or hear the group live, you'll see why "we" has a great deal to do with their sound.

HP - Your album seems to move from the complex to the simple.

ð



That's rather unusual for an album these days.

RHINO - Well, what finished off or maybe what capped the first album is what has given birth to the next one. It showed us a direction, back towards the grass roots of rock, which is the grass roots of the music of the world.

HP - How would you define those roots?

RHINO - The black root is soul, the root of which is African music. Then there are the white roots, country music and the yellow root is oriental. Behind all these roots is one root: . its communication. When music strays too far from those roots it stops communicating.

HP - I'd like to dwell on that for a

to a communication thing of human feelings. Human being to human being. Emotions. Rock and roll has been getting away from that, it was in outer space somewhere, someplace else. The sounds were nice but they didn't mean anything. The first music was communication, like signal drums and the other thing was chanting. It had to do with sadness, with rejoicing and with the religion of life. As we see it those are the main things in our music: the rhythmic aspect and the repetitious chant.

HP- Do you have any thoughts on the ceremonial aspect of music?

RHINO - People in music have always separated themselves from their audience. There was a circle of people who made the music, and the audience was the other half of the communication. They came to see each other and share.

HP - Yes, but I see a contradiction. Most rock bands play in casual clothes, its a very informal. . . RHINO (Danny Weis) No! We're dressing up. People want to see something special. Its a drag when bands play in street clothes. .

(Doug Hastings) Lets take this back to the religious aspect again, OK? All music goes back to a perfect structure. All things arise from a perfect structure. . .

HP - Are you talking about a cosmic

RHINO (Hastings) - Well, yes, sort We have a feeling and a desire for tive, precise structures which are somehow always right.

HP - It came to me recently that music has a negative side to it. I get a negative feeling from a lot of groups lately and I really don't understand why.

RHINO - That's because it's not saying what it's saying. People take a piece of music, get up and play it and all the whole thing says is "I did it, look at me." It's ego. It really doesn't belong on a stage. You know, it sounds like they don't mean it or they're not there. It's, not soulful. Really, where they're at is they're not trying to communicate, just show off.

There's all kinds of music and all of it can communicate on some level. There's head music and body music -- we're into body music mostly.

HP - Can you make a concrete distinction?

RHINO - Sure, it's roots again. Yellow music is head music, black music is body music and white music is brain music. It's the spiritual, the physical and the intellectual, What's happening with all music is that people are taking basic structures and roots and going out in every direction. In jazz and classical as well as rock and roll.

HP - You seem to be more basic though, and if you use complexities you use them in their simplest

RHINO - Well, if you start off on your own, you've got something. If you start out on a way-out concept then you've got somebody else's beginnings. But if you make your own beginning, when you get out there you're really into something. (John Finley) One of the people who evolved that way was John Coltrane. His work is so simple vet its far-out. He takes in that whole idea. All this atonal music is close, just a long tone. Notes are the separations. But man's brain is doing that the complicated way. The lines are the digressions of the curve.

HP - I don't get you at all.

RHINO - (Finley) Well, um, music is tones and rhythms. Structures are created by breaking these up and grouping them. That's the basic. You can go beyond it once you have that foundation.

HP - Let's get to something more specific. I didn't get a chance to really listen to your lyrics but they seemed uncomplicated and expressive.

RHINO - Yes, we like the idea of plain talk lyrics. They're being alive, the important things to everyone, food, freedom, sex and problems. When I (Alan Gerber) started to write I was really getting involved with poetic lyrics. But it takes time for people to get into it. A song is not like a poem that's written down on a piece of paper and can be studied. It's happening, it has to be taken in immediately.

I wrote "Along Comes Tomorrow," which is on the album. That's a poetic lyric, but it's a simple idea and a simple cycle. At the same time it's all about life and all of life.

HP - Could you be a little more specific? I won't be able to hear it for a couple of weeks.

RHINO (Gerber) - OK. The song is about somebody getting up and looking forward to the day. You know, your head is in a really good place and you know the answers and the day is just fine. Then all of a sudden tomorrow, something comes along and turns everything upside down, and you don't know anymore, its horrible. That happens to all of us. (laughter) But then comes tomorrow, my old friend tomorrow, to get me out of that mess. It never stays the same. But do you see? It's a cycle.

(Finley) - Yeah, it's like our gigs (laughter) We've done gigs that were tremendous and all we could do was say "Wow!" But then we do another and it's a BUMMER. (more laughter) There's no know-

ing how it's going to be.

(Gerber) - But that's the idea. The simple pattern taken far enough then brought back to the beginning. It gets complex then completes itself simply. That's important.

In the first few months that we were together we were complicated. We were all assembled as a super group and we were showing off our chops, putting down as much fancy stuff as we could. Then we decided it was all too complicated. much of it was unneccesary. Musicians could relate to what we were doing, but a lot of people might not understand. The whole scene was getting that way and we decided we weren't going to start out where everyone else left off, we were going back to the beginning. The first album, the one coming out now, is what we were those first six months. We didn't really know each other as people or musicians. We went back and started from the beginning again. That's what we mean when we say the first album showed us a direction.

"Serenade" (the last cut on the album) is us at just that point, where we came to a simpler thing. That's the basic. We were put together to work together, and only after that did we get to know one another and find an identity as a

group. One identity.

See, most cats that have played together for six months knew each other for a long time before that. We were new to each other from the start.

We've been listening to groups who are good musicians, really good musicians, but it's like they're constantly trying to prove something to each other. Everybody is running off incredible licks but it comes off as total chaos. It's a bunch of insecure people and a lot of ego. We're trying to make one sound, a collective ego. Yes, like spokes of a wheel.

HP - What does that mean in practical terms. Break it down -- how does it work from man to man? RHINO - Well, the spokes go to and from the hub of the wheel in every direction. We jam. It's feel, not think. You listen and learn where to play your thing where it's not going to hurt his thing. If seven guys are playing and one drops out, the other six just fall in and fill up the hole. That's what integrated music is.

HP - Do you relate what you're doing to anything else that's happening? The first two things that come to my mind are The Band and Blood, Sweat & Tears.

RHINO - A little closer to The Band. I'd say. But we dig BS&T. We were talking about it the other day . . .for all intents and purposes we're a 17 piece band. The guitars can play horns. We have a horn sound without horns. On the album, on "When You Say You're Sorry it sounds like something like the Don Ellis horn sound. You know, a sheet of sound "shhh ---splash!" It all has to do with balance and voicing. "I Need Love" is a Little Richard tune and it sounds like there's a horn section on it.

The Band is a basic, root-centered sound and BS&T is a city version of the same thing, more orchestra-

HP (to John Finley) You use a lot of black intonation in your vocals. What do you have to say to the argument that white vocalists and musicians shouldn't try to sound black. It's not my opinion but it's a healthy controversy in critical circles.

RHINO (Finley) (bristling) When I try to sound black, I stink! I'm not trying to sound black, I sing what I feel. When I feel what I'm singing I know I'm communicating. We're all capable of feeling the same things -- we all come from the same place. It all started with the Garden of Eden and the first man. I am that man. I'm physically and culturally white, but I'm the same as anyone else. I can experience as much pain and suffering and as much jubilee as any other human being.

Dig it, there are black people in symphony because they feel the white man's classical music. There are white people in oriental music. On one of the Ravi Shankar albums I have there's a part where it sounds like Sam and Dave's "Hold On I'm Coming." In another place on the same album its even raunchier, like Muddy Waters almost. If you can feel a thing you can play it. The

black man can sing funk because he feels it. But I've heard black cats who couldn't play or sing funk because they didn't feel it. There are white people who can't feel classical.

Our music is black in parts because it's body music, because it draws from black music. We communicate to the animal in man, that's where man is at. It's physical music, Jazz is more intellectual and again, Indian music, spiritual. You combine the elements you feel and it's where you're at when you're playing.

HP - One More Question. We talked briefly about classical music a little while back, but didn't get into jazz. which, while a little closer to home is harder for me to relate to than rock. Do you think jazz and rock have anything in common at this point. Are they moving toward or away from each other?

RHINO - Well, Rock is now where jazz started out. Jazz bands played tunes at the beginning, just like rock. In order to keep it interesting it got further and further out. But it got too strung out because the average cat, uh, sorry, chick, can't relate to it. As far as rock and jazz coming together, some rock people are playing a lot of jazz riffs and and a barrage of notes played at amazing rhythms, but they're not doing it right because they didn't start from where jazz started from, they're just taking licks. It doesn't sound right. There was a similar structural beginning for jazz, but jazz is older so it's more developed. You can't relate to where it's at, and neither can we, really. I mean we can listen and say 'Wow, listen to what's going on.' You know, admire it, but we don't feel it like we feel our music.

Michael Fonfara - There are some groups like the one Larry Corvell is in where there's a rock drummer and bass player, a jazz guitar and a sax man, but there's a basic lack of communication between the musicians because they're on different levels. The jazz guys are getting it on, doing their thing, the rock cats are doing their thing, but they're doing different things. What's happening is people are relating to it on a temporal basis. trying to dig where it's at without knowing where it came from. You can relate to Dixieland, right? Well, rock now is where jazz was in the Dixieland days.

HP: Are the structural bases of jazz and rock basically different?

RHINO: The structural basis of EVERYTHING is the SAME. That's a philosophical truth. And a musical truth.

It's Sunday Night. There are about 22 people in the Cafe Au Go Go, mostly freebies like myself. The supergroup' isn't Doing Business. Tonight is their 12th live performance. (They had a few in L.A.)

John is fooling around while the others set up. He makes some silly rap about having "a lot of toe tappers lined up for ya, folks!"

There are a lot of musician folk around: word spreads speedily along the village music circuit. And further evidence that Rhinoceros is going to make it is apparent from the growing little flock of groupies they've acquired in less than a week. John Sebastian, fresh from the West slips quietly into a bench on the side of the room and leans over his clasped hands.

"Its Chicken," somebody says. And everybody picks little noises out of their instruments and the sounds of a chicken coop accumulate while they bark, moo and baa into the mikes, creating an electric barnvard.

They start to play, the music is funky and hot, the sock-it-to-you lyric# are homegrown:

> Get out the back door get out the back door honey come on in baby how you been.

The back door lady exits, the front door lady comes home. John's in a fix. he's burned the candle at both ends. It's funny and soulful, real and nervewracking, but bouyant, always moving, Sebastian jiggles around in his seat and there's a big quiet smile across his face. It's a sin not to be able to dance to music like this.

Billy beats the thump and stacatto out of the drums, his belly hanging over his belt. John dances around as he sings showing a preference for the edges of the stage, throwing his arm out over the platform, reaching out and wailing. Danny Weis, sleek and slender in shock pink and lace, bobs and minces with the guitar. Jerry Penrod fills in the spaces with the bass. Doug grimaces as he pulls a melody line from the guitar, a sweet bluesy run. Michael looks like a somber little rabbit behind the organ. And Alan plays the piano with his hands, elbows and shoulders.

Rhinoceros. The ponderous perissodactyl which horned out of Toronto, lumbered down from Seattle, checked out Chicago's South Side and hung around California for a while, before rooting up a few Bleecker Street underground inmates. Heavy. A little indelicate, yes; but very, very solid. \square ellen sander

THE BUDDY MILES EXPRESS

Don't look now, but the big bands are sneaking back in.

Thirty years ago the bands were young and foolish and ready to gobble up the world. But they got older, and the audiences got older, and there were some wars and Elvis, and my, how things have changed. The old big bands are still playing around in museums across the land.

The young people have turned away from brass, and reeds, and arrangements and all that garbage, to guitars and organs and drums and maybe a tambourine or two, and that's all there is. Right?

Not any more. Not since some young fellas named Butterfield and Kooper and Bloomfield came around. And Buddy Miles. You're not likely to forget Buddy Miles. Not after you hear him. It takes just one ride on the Buddy Miles Express.

Guitar? Yes, they've got guitar. Jim McCarty is going to slide around inside your head with that guitar. He learned to drive it with Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels.

Organ? That's Herbie Rich, and he sits back there all smiling and confident, and nobody better slow down or he's going to run right over them.

Brother Bill Rich is there on bass, and the man is solid. He runs around under the music like a subway, and he'll get you there on time,

Just an ordinary excellent rock group?
Here come the horns.

Riding on top is Marcus Doubleday. Plays a little trumpet. No, plays a lot of trumpet. Coming on down, there's Terence Clements, who plays reeds and talks British, mostly because he is. Next to him is Robert McPherson, who also plays reeds and knows all the Air Force songs from his "Airmen of Note" days. On the end is Virgil Gonsalves, who can tell you what it's like to play sax with Billie Holiday and Charlie Parker and like that, if you come on easy.

And on drums, Buddy Miles. When he plays he bounces up and down like a recently-escaped Jack-in-the-box, and so do you. You first heard of Buddy Miles when he played with the Electric Flag, setting off machine gun bursts that kept the Flag waving. But you might have noticed him earlier behind, say, Wilson Picket. For sure you're going to notice him now, because now he is the conductor of the Buddy Miles Express.

"When people listen to us, they're just naturally going to have to move



around in their seats, shake a little, set their fingers snapping, 'cause if they don't I'm just gonna play louder until they do." The Buddy Miles Express code. He's not going to worry anyone's mind. Music is supposed to feel good, isn't it?

Buddy has this strange imagination. He's as likely to play in top hat and tails as dungarees - with lavender boots. When he lines out a song for the band, he just may have them play sweet for a little while, then rip into something that will leave your ears ringing.

Fortunately for everyone, he has a band that can do it. "I've got some of the baddest cats around right here in this band," he will say, and you know he loves them. He brought four of them with him from the Flag, where they had been grooving together for awhile.

The band is tight. When they want to, they can play the loose, simple stuff that everybody does. But most of the time they have better things in mind. Herbie Rich and the horns devise some of the thickest, juiciest horn parts this side of Count Basie. They grit and growl their way through some very old rhythms, and they're absolutely together. They all know their horns, you see, and dig each other.

When they blow separately, you can see why they're so good together. Strong, confident, fluent: that's why Buddy gives them so much room to blow.

But when it's Buddy's turn, it's all Buddy. Flailing away on his drums, he is shouting and carrying on when he sings, driving everything before him like the locomotive that supplied the name. He believes in his music, he believes audiences should be a whole lot happier after he's through, and he can play

The odd thing is that Buddy Miles is not trying to bring back the big bands. It doesn't matter all that much to him that someone is going to talk about how great it was in 1930 to hear Benny Goodman, or in 1940 to hear Stan Kenton. Or that rock audiences are not supposed to be able to appreciate good horn music.

He just knows that the Buddy Miles Express may be the most exciting band around today.

Probably, nobody thought of Omaha, Nebraska, as a really promising place to look for a rock drummer, Buddy Miles may change a few minds. When he was 15 he played around South Dakota with the Ink Spots. After that he worked his way up through the rhythm and blues circuit. Until two years ago he was playing behind Wilson Pickett. One evening, Pickett was playing in New York City, and between numbers a lanky young man with fuzzy hair came backstage to tell that stocky little drummer how much he dug him, and to ask if maybe he would like to work for Albert Grossman (Bob Dylan's manager).

It soon developed that the young man, named Mike Bloomfield, was thinking about forming a band himself. Buddy and Mike talked about it for a while, and Mike rounded up some friends, and

the Electric Flag was born.

At the Monterey Pop Festival, summer of 1967, the Flag was introduced as "Mike Bloomfield's Electric Flag." When their set was over, everyone was talking about that funny little drummer with the wild clothes and heavy beat and hollering blues voice. People already knew that Bloomfield was a prodigious quitarist, but it hurt a little to think that a drummer like that could have gone unnoticed.

Well, that was taken care of. For the year or so that the Flag lasted, Buddy Miles got talked about as much as Bloomfield did. Not that he digs Bill Cosby and Otis Redding, or that he drives a Corvette, or that he loves it when chicks come crowding around after he plays, but that he played mean drums and sang like he was possessed. Then Bloomfield split, and Buddy gathered up his favorite musicians and started the Buddy Miles Express, which is why we're all here today.

Buddy is looking forward to success, and plans to pursue it cheerfully and unrelentingly. He figures "It will relax my mind."

HIT PARADER

APRIL GOES ON SALE DECEMBER 26. IT'S
A GREAT ISSUE TO BEGIN A CHRISTMAS
GIFT SUBSCRIPTION. HERE'S WHY:



TALKS ABOUT

TRAFFIC'S

NEW ALBUM

EX-BUFFALO

NEIL YOUNG

REVEALS NEW PLANS

AN INTERVIEW WITH

SLY STONE

TERRY KIRKMAN

HEAD OF

THE ASSOCIATION

A RARE RAP WITH BEATLE

GEORGE HARRISON

WHY CREAM
IS FINISHED
FOR JACK BRUCE



MOREON
STEPPEN WOLF

PLUS: BARRY GOLDBERG, JIMI HENDRIX
SPIRIT AND MORE, SEE THE

HIT PARADER

SUBSCRIPTION AD ON PAGE 7.



REMO ROTO-TOM

A new percussion instrument which can be tuned over a full-octave range by rotating it on a threaded shaft is being produced by Remo, Inc. Called the Roto-Tom, the tuneable drum is available in six, eight and ten-inch sizes, and in sets of four, offering a two octave range.

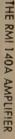
of four, offering a two octave range.

Developed by Remo from an original design by Percussionist Al Payson of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Roto-Tom consists of an open-shell drum with a single head and a sounding board base. The new drums can be tuned to provide a wide variety of tonal effects using different types of beaters, ranging from full resonance to sharp percussive sounds. They are ideally suited for use as tuned tom-toms in percussion ensembles, and already have been incorporated into a new major work, "Contextures" by William Kraft, recently premiered by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Other applications include commercial recording, soundtracks, theatrical music, and elementary school music instruction.

Individual Roto-Toms can be furnished with pressed wood stands for table or desk use, or with adjustable metal floor stands. Prices range from \$15.00 for the six-inch drum with table stand to \$105.50 for the four-drum set with two-octave range. Beaters are not included.

THE RMI 140A AMPLIFIER

The main feature of the RMI 140A







The RMI 140A has a suggested retail price of \$795.00.

ROGERS 'STARLIGHTER' OUTFIT

amplifier, from Rocky Mount Instruments, Inc., is a separate built-in Treble System that reportedly helps it provide a treble output beyond the capabilities of any other amplifier. The effect of this system could be illustrated by the curve of accoustic energy versus frequency. Other amplifiers, according to RMI, have "highs" whose intensity falls off at about 6,000 cycles, and goes to around zero output by the time they reach 15,000 cycles. The RMI 140A, on the other hand, is flat up to 5,000 cycles, and the accoustic energy output at higher frequencies actually increases as the frequency goes up to 20,000 cycles. Completely solid state in design, the RMI 140A uses two J.B. Lansing 15" low and mid-range drivers, and two very high frequency, high efficiency drivers. Each of its two separate channels is equipped with bass, treble, presence, brightness, reverb and volume controls. Tremelo operates on Channel 2 alone. All controls and electronics are in a separate piggybank unit that is fastened to the top of the speaker cabinet and can be separated at will. Among the accessories available for the RMI 140A are: a ten foot extension cable to connect the control console to the speaker cabinet, should the musician desire to place one or the other in a different location; and foot switches for both reverb and tremolo.

Although originally it was specifically designed to bring out the very high frequency capabilities of RMI's electronic keyboard instruments like the RMI Rocksi-chord, RMI Electra Piano & Harpsi-chord and RMI Explorer, the RMI 140A, with a clean 300 watt equivalent peak power rating it's unique Treble system and excellent bass response, has proven itself to be outstanding as a vocal amp and for use with other amplified instruments of "new wave" musicians seeking those elusive higher highs.

For the percussionist seeking perfection in sound, Rogers has introduced the Roy Burns' 'Starlighter' drum outfit. Originally the 'Starlighter' outfit was a custom design prepared to famed drummer Roy Burns' personal specifications. The outfit has the flexibility to give full reign to the jazz or stage musician seeking progressive and more melodic percussion stylings, according to Rogers officials. For the advanced student and practicing professional musician, the Starlighter' outfit includes a 14 x 22 bass drum, 9 x 13 mounted tom-tom, 16 x 16 floor tom-tom and the Rogers 'top-of-the-line' 5 x 14 Dyna. Sonic metal snare drum. The outfit comes complete with spurs, mounts and holders, pedal, hi-hat, stands and sticks.

Dear Shopping Bag Reader:

The response continues to be terrific. Every month hundreds of letters pour into the office requesting more information on products shown in "The Shopping Bag."

We pass them on to the appropriate manufacturer and they in turn send a catalogue for your consideration.

However, it would help a great deal if you requested information on only the product shown in the "Shopping Bag" and please, use the coupon.

May we also suggest you read the advertisements in each issue. In many cases you can write directly to the manufacturers. Doing so speeds up fulfillment of your needs. But, be sure to mention Hit Parader!

Needless to say, we are thankful to you- the reader - for making the "Shopping Bag" a success. Keep it up.

Dear Sirs: about	*************		**************
Name		*************	
Address:	••••••	••••••	••••••
City:	State:	Zi	p Code
WRITE: THE ing/Do	SHOPPING erby, Conne		

It was late Spring in New York, the end of a particularly beautiful Spring, at that. The sun had shined all through March, and April had been breezy, crisp and green through intermittent rainstorms. On that morning it was raining and I was sleeping, apped in blankets and dimly aware of the drip-drop soft noises outside. The bloody telephone rang just before noon. I opened my eyes, blinked at the water streaming down my sooty window and contemplated whether or not to answer. Somehow I was reaching for the receiver, while hanging over the side of the bed to mumble a somewhat disgruntled "hello."

It was Laura Nyro's voice on the other end. "Get up, get up," she crooned.

Now Laura Nyro's voice had been throwing me around for over a year. I had talked about her first album in low, awesome tones to friends, editors and music people who couldn't seem to understand what it was I was excited about. When her second album hit, I went around incoherent, talking this time in loud incredulous tones. Few, outside of HIT PARADER and the LOS ANGELES TIMES were interested. Now, a good some months late(r), I see where ROLLING STONE and the NEW YORK TIMES (to name

but two important mentors of taste) have opened their minds and ears and hearts and found themselves in her music. But there was Laura Nyro inside my little green telephone asking me to get up.

Getting me out of bed, on a late Spring morning in New York when its raining, is something few people would attempt. If they succeeded, chances are they wouldn't be in any condition to talk about it for a while. At the very least, the stream of epithets with which they would be hit would be a shock. But it was Laura Nyro, and aside from being an amazing artist she is a very special person, not to be



dealt with like an ordinary unwelcome voice out of a late Spring rainy morning in New York. You're probably wondering what all of this has to do with Blood, Sweat and Tears. I'm getting to that.

I got up. When I managed to ask her what it was that was so important, she said something about going to a rehearsal in the Village Blood, Sweat and Tears was regrouping for about the fifth time that month. She would be over in an hour. I had better not be sleeping when she arrived.

Laura arrived in about two hours. She was dressed in black lace, and the

Rehearsal With THE NEW BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS high, black; buttoned boots she wears like a reputation she's proud of. I was in my usual Bleecker Street slob costume, a rumpled big blue shirt, jeans and moccasins. Somebody once accused me of going into Tim Buckley's closet to find them. It isn't true.

The taxi took us down to La Guardia Place on the northern periphery of Greenwich Village, a kind of DMZ between the fashionable, industrial and hip sections of lower New York. The band was rehearsing in a loft, six flights up steep, dark, dusty stairs. At the top of the stairs, the door was locked.

We heard music behind the door, a big beat, horns, swells and falls that, even through a locked metal door, hit us like a tasty wallop. And somebody was singing, howling the blues, coming through like a locomotive in pain. "He must be Negro and ten feet tall," whispered Laura.

Al Kooper had left the group over a month before to produce records for Columbia. The group began as a projection of Kooper's musical ideas. His experience in rock and blues, and fascination with horns and jazz had given BS&T its venerable identity. first album CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN, released very early in 1968, is still one of the most progressive albums of the year. They had combined rock and sweet ballads, a bit of jazz and a lot of horns, an r&b chorus and many other elements, to say nothing of an astounding variety of material.

But Kooper had left and they had to find another singer-organist. They auditioned many and chose David Clayton Thomas, a singer-guitarist of some reputation, (five gold records, no less) in Canada. They added more horn players, and another man for organ, making them nine. It shapes up, once and for all, as follows:

Jimmy Fielder on bass, formerly of the Mothers, and the Buffalo Springfield, started his career hitchiking from Anaheim to L.A. with Tim Buckley. Jimmy is a cowboy, not quite - 21. He wears buckskin and boots and a smile for everyone. He's lanky and droll and has a refreshing sense of down-home cool about him, ranking his favorite groups as "The N.Y. Philharmonic, The Cream and the Beatles." He goes on to explain that "everything (in music) today is valid and has a place."

"We don't feature any part of the band," he told me one evening in between sets. "There is a singer and a horn section, but every part has weight and everything is integral."

Drummer Bobby Columby is one of the funniest characters to emerge from the current music scene. Often I've seen him sitting under a table, in one

of N.Y.'s little music spots, just grinning and watching it all go down. When he gets going, he improvises comic monologues for some forty minutes or so, caricaturing a musician's life, or girls, or the audience and he sends a roomful of people into hlepless convulsions. When he's playing and knows he's being watched, he clowns around, sticking his elbows out, flailing the drumsticks, making faces and carrying on. But it doesn't detract from the fact that he's one of the most expressive percussionists around, with the possible exception of Buddy Miles and Mitch Mitchell. His musical childhood was firmly rooted in jazz, and he believes that the combination of jazz and other types of music is what contemporary music should be about. Though BS&T is an example of a confluence of many styles, including jazz and some of its musical progenitors, to say that the band is an exponent of jazz-rock is misleading. I don't believe that jazz and rock can be mixed successfully. This is an opinion that is the cause of none too little exasperation on the part of my jazz-fiend friends. But that's another story. In the meantime, just note how BS&T will play a jazz oriented piece, a big band "swing" piece or a rock piece in the same set, on the same album, but no one number truly combines the essences of both jazz and rock. Though both forms came from the blues, they moved very different directions - jazz towards improvisation and syncopation, rock toward a free-but-structured form relying on a consistent pattern of rhythms and melody repetitions. As such, rock became an elastic musical body, able to assimilate many influences and techniques. When rock is less repetitous in format, it is usually due to the assimilation of eastern influences into its bag of tricks. Certain dissonances of jazz, pop up occasionally and its a refreshing twist, but the sound of BS&T is no closer to true jazz that "Norwegian Wood" is to raga.

Back to the band. David Clayton . Thomas is the vocalist, big and beefy and soulful. I don't think he's trying to sing Negro. He's singing David Clayton Thomas and that's enough, and a good deal more, than many lead singers around. He wails blues and ballads into a handmike with an unmistakable smile on his face. He opens his eyes to see how it all went down, and starts to wail again, stalking around the stage. He's another instrument, the human element of the sound. He also plays guitar, some primitive rhythm work with a lick or two, but his instrument is the windpipe; his idiom, the blues, the late 20th century white blues.

"The blues are not supposed to bring you down," he remarks. "Blues is

like getting up in the morning and falling down the stairs. It's terrible when it happens, but it's somehow funny when you tell about it later."

Steve Katz, alternate vocalist and guitarist, is a refugee from the Blues Project. He believes New York City. has played a major part in his development as a musician, as well as in the overall development of BS&T itself. "The jazz orientation of the band has a lot to do with the jazz orientation of the city itself: the subways and the people, the beautiful people, the jive people, the funky people. This is a definite part of my environment, and with the capabilities of the band and the potential of the music, my feelings as a New York person can be best expressed.

If there is a guiding force in the band, it is saxophonist Fred Lipsius. who does most of the arranging. The rest of the horn section consists of Dick Halligan, who plays organ as well as trombone, and assimilates a great deal of disparate musical ideas with the group. The group is "together" because of dedicated musicians like Halligan, who go with the group as an indispensable fraction, rather than exhibiting his own talent which, to say the least, is not unimpressive. Two trumpet players, Louis Soloff and Chuck Winfield, and a trombonist, Jerry Hyman, complete the horn section and the distinguishing characteristic of BS&T, making that group the biggest and brassiest band playing, as well as one of the most distinctive and musically accomplished.

They were in the rehearsal loft behind that locked door which confronted Laura and me. We banged and hollered until somebody heard us. Bobby Columby let us in, and we sat down with a few other friends of the band, a road manager and Lori Burton, a singer who had been knocking them out at the Bitter End that week doing her white Aretha thing. When the five minute break and the introductions were over, the band began to play, leading into Tim Buckley's Hobo, a sweet and elusive ballad dressed in trumpet riffs and long textured tones. They broke into Something's Going On, a bleted number with bursts of horn and percussion, and a David Clayton Thomas wail that cut right through us. Laura put her hands to her head and screamed. Just screamed and screamed. They couldn't hear her the music was too loud. But there was this wild expression in her eyes and she was screaming for joy.

And that had been the first time that BS&T, as they are today, had played together. They ran through a few more numbers, stopping, correcting, perfecting each part until they ran through a song from top to bottom. They were rehearsing six hours a day. Everyone

was smiling, while we were sitting and listening and grooving in happy astonishment.

There was a window just behind where we were sitting which opened on an adjacent rooftop. It had stopped raining. The late Spring New York sunshine struggled through the air pollution. The city smelled grimly fresh, the air was moving with the vibrations that make New York a 24hour circus, humming with the machinery of ambition. In the Greenwich Village afternoon, scrawny longhairs artists, musicians, photographers and such were milling in the street below. We stepped across the windowsill we'd been sitting on and ran around on the rooftop, skipping in between the puddles, hooting and jumping around. We were floppy and full of music, full of excitement and full of steam. BS&T had died and been reborn. "Viva Blood, Sweat & Tears!" "Yea, Team!" "David Clayton Thomas forever!" There was laughter and there was dancing. New York now surely does have music of its own besides the Rascals.

Some weeks later, the band opened at the Cafe Au Go Go to rave reviews, toured around a bit, and played a final weekend in New York before heading out to show the West Coast that something besides contracts comes out of New York. They are all fine musicians, and every one of them cooperates to the best advantage of a total sound. That's their secret. There's no "star" of the band, no soloist, just nine heavy cats —giving. "There's no sex symbol in our band," quipped Columby that day. "We're a garbage man's pin-up band!"

I say their last set in New York before they toured. They were playing like monsters before they started to hack around and cut up. And when BS&T cut up they do it in style:

It all started when Steve Katz turned to Bobby Columby in the midst of a song. Steve had lost time and faced the drummer-clown for a beat Columby gave him a beat all right—right in the G-chord with a drumstick, sending a grating resonant twang through the amplifiers. That started it.

Lipsius was conducting the horn section when the other four brass-men ganged up on him. They all started to play a different song in a different key, from Happy Birthday to Chicago, Chicago. Columby did an elaborate solo with drum, and Jim Fielder just doubled up in laughter (but he kept time). Steve Katz stared incredulously at the band falling apart, slipping his guitar over his shoulder and walked off stage mumbling incoherently. David Clayton Thomas, in his best Ray-Charles-out-of-Toronto style, picked up his J. Arthur Rank Chinese gong and beat on it. The "in time-out of key" jam

continued for some ten minutes before someone noticed the missing guitarist and asked, "Where's Katz?" "He split!" replied Columby, who continued this incredible drum riff, wagging his tongue and shaking his face around. One of the trumpet players went to find Katz and came back empty-handed.

Lipsius was grotesquely aping Leonard Bernstein, conducting the horn section, making a cut signal, drawing his finger across his throat, but the horns played on. One by one he started taking the horns away from the musicians, but Halligan held on to the trombone as if his life depended on it. Lipsius grabbed the slide and pulled it out of the horn. Halligan continued to play, using his finger over the hole to control the sound. Lipsius pulled the horn from his hands, but Halligan continued to play the mouthpiece, buzzing through the tiny silver funnel, making funny flatulent sounds. When that was grabbed from him, he made noises through his cupped hands. Finally he gave up. Everyone but Columby and Fielder walked offstage.

They continued to play, breaking into a kind of Eastern-flavored improvisation. Hillarity notwithstanding, the drum and bass combo proved surprisingly melodic.

One by one the players filtered back onstage -- but still no Steve Katz. They jammed on for a few minutes, then looked to their right to see what the audience was howling about. Through the aisle and up onto the stage pedaled Steve Katz on a small bicycle. That was it. Nobody could play anymore. The whole place was paralyzed with laughter.

The band was helpless. "Does anyone have a request?" "Does anyone want to come up and play with us?" "Yeah, we need the help!"

"Come on, lets get serious," said Columby, laughing. Columby who started it all.

They finally got together and played More and More. They broke in the middle for a little more tomfoolery; playing the opening bars of Sunshine Of My Love in a bombastic parody of the Cream, then returned to finish off the song, which finished off the audience. I would say they stirred up New York more than just a little bit.

As I sit and type, they have returned from the West Coast and are playing the Fillmore East for the first time. I passed the great East Village rock emporium on my way to dinner at the Paradox and the line for the second show was around the block. No small wonder.

Blood, Sweat and Tears has arrived and it has brought the virtually non-existent New York Music scene back into conversational prominence. Do yourself a favor. Go hear them if you can. □ellen sander.

APPLE IN 1988

(continued from page 37)

former road manager), Mal the grinning giant now helping with the management of Apple's first signed artists, as Artists Relations officer (or "man", or whatever anyone outside chose to call his role, for really none of us had any titles then, except when we were negotiating to have one, because Sir Frank or Lord Kenneth or whoever Apple was negotiating with, liked our side to have titles too). Mal is from Liverpool. Pete Shotton too, Peter The Dane who washboarded Lennon's Quarrymen, who now stands at his right hand. Laurie who lives on the switchboard - Nems and Liverpool. And, of course, The Beatles. They are from there too. From Wallasey we had Brian Lewis, grey-sideburned, slim and a Man-About-the-Globe, 44; from Ireland, Denis O'Dell, 45, Apple Films. Peter Asher, 23, of Gordon now, also, an Apple A&R chief from which London gave one other executive when we were beginning - Stephen Maltz, 26, chief accountant. "Well," they said in the Town, the Town outside our world in Wigmore Street," it's just an old pals club." "Well Town", we said, "it is. Old pals and new pals and business with pleasure and also a profit and you know it can't be

Could it? Well, Peter Sellers came in and saw that it was good, and another fellow determined to find it bad, came in and started a row, and said he had taken a dirty job in a garage and gone to live in Brixton to purge his soul, to learn about suffering, what did we think of that? "Nothing," we said, "nothing at all. You're talking --- " we said (just as we might say to each other, and often did without rancor for The Beatles were nothing in those starling sixties if they were not frank) and he grew angrier than we and left amply satisfied on a nice negative note.

Yes, but what did we do then, in 1968 when we had only two signed singers. Two? Yes. James Taylor, sharp-eyed, made of bone and wire in North Carolina and Mary Hopkin, fashioned in dew, freckled and shy and mini in a mini skirt from the Rhondda Valley. What tasks had we, when the third Beatles' film had neither name nor script, nor contract, when Apple Publishing looked for its first hit?

Well what we did was, we planned and talked and laughed and got ready for when - for whenever. We each found work to do and from each other we took work, and to each other we gave work and thus we found the very work we liked doing, and the

very work we did best, and we did it well and some of us thought it would have been wonderful, always, to have been allowed to carve our jobs out of a stone of our own choosing, rather than have choked all those years on the dust of the chalk thrown to us in the name of WORK as a fourlettered euphemism for slavery.

We bartered with United Artists. and traded with EMI and Capitol. and a dozen rivals, and we prayed as hard to be trusted as we dared to hope, that we ourselves could trust. The Beatles decided to eliminate business lies, lies so standardized by practice that they had become known as 'standard business practice" and they said that as they didn't know "what the party of the third part ult. inst and heretofore" could mean "having regard to precedent" therefore that form of obscuring the truth was swept into the vacuum which hangs somewhere in the generation-gap, that gap that existed in the 1960's which, remember, was before Youth took over.

It was remarkable how diverse The Beatles, already diffuse, became in 1968. From the elegant and exquisite madness of the high Summer of 1967. through the valley of the shadow of the Autumn death of Brian Epstein, up through the Himalayas into meditation, and out of the folds of the Maharishi's conjurors' cloak into George's film with Ravi Shankar in Big Sur, to John's art exhibition at the Robert Fraser Galley, to Paul's collaboration with the Black Dyke Mills Band (Paul's collaboration with whom?) in the Apple recording of "Thingamebob," for the Kenneth Cope TV series, to the magnificent making of the album - successor to Sergeant Pepper, to the new offices in Saville Row, where lingered a quaint aura in which the ghost of Jack Hylton, who had given some of London's most avante garde private film shows in this, his former home, sat chatting quietly with the severed head of a much older host who began his career in the same house with the 18th century Earl of Burlingham.

Through all of that, The Beatles ran Apple, had the ideas, heard the ideas, adopted them or forgot them, and Apple knew that with such people, its core must be sound and so Apple Corps Ltd. had no apologies to make, nor has now.

That was all a long time ago and it was a lovely time, because no one had fear for we knew that there was no fear to fear for we believed that as no one feared that which was past, and that as Now and even the Future would soon be the Past, there could be no fear. Then, as now, it does not exist; it cannot exist on its own □derek



WHOLESALE

FACTORY DIRECT SAVE 50% PROFESSIONAL 1969 MODELS

Electric Guitars, Spanish, Bass, Doublenecks, 12-string, Left Transistor Amplifiers, Reverberation amplifiers, Bass amberation amplifiers, plifiers. Steel guitars, Doublenecks, Pedal guitars. Mandolins, pickups, parts, etc;

1969 CATALOG 25¢ CARVIN CO.

30000 Lilac Rd. Dept. HP Valley Center, Calif. 92082



PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS OR MONEY BACK

OR MONEY BACK

TOP GUITARIST ED SALE'S famous 66 page secret system teaches you to play a beautiful song the first day and any song by ear or note in seven tags! Contains 52 photos, 87 finger placing charts, 110 popular and western songs, (words and music); a \$1.00 Chord Finder of all the chords used in popular music; a \$3.00 Guitarist Book for Knowledge. TOTAL VALUE \$7.00 \$2.98

SEND NO MONEY! Just your name and address, pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send \$3.00 with order and I pay postage. (Sorry, no C.O.D. outside Continental U.S.A.—please remit with order).

U.S.A.—please remit with order).
U.S.A.—Dease remit with order.

ED SALE

STUDIO 113 C AVON BY THE SEA, N.J. 07717

181 00 for Article
To Start Your
Record Label" - We'll Plug 98 National Record Promotion.

Covering: Key Cities - Nathville - New York Meliyeved - Erc.

Distribution - Meliyeved - Erc.

Distribution - Meliyeved - Erc.

Magazine - Server - Server

LEARN COMBO GUITAR

Lead, Rythm, & Bass! Get this exciting pick method of basic contemporary techniques

"YOU CAN PLAY THE GUITAR"

Book 1 ready for tomorrow's pros Send \$2.50 ck or MO No COD Dept 5J Jack Martin Publications Box 704, Newman, Calif. 95360 Usual discount in quantity lots.





ALAN PRICE: Reluctant Hitmaker



The recent news, that Alan Price was taking a temporary break from his jazzorientated octet, came as quite a surprise to his many British fans. It didn't surprise me, though, because when I spoke to him a couple of weeks earlier, the reluctant hit-maker had implied that his career was in danger of stagnating.

"I'm really at the crossroads now," he explained in his heavy Newcastle accent. "After I left the Animals I had to do something completely different from what they were doing. I didn't want to beg or borrow anything from their name, so I started out by going into all sorts of things, like Charlie Mingus scenes, and so on." Although Alan didn't make the charts with this approach, the Alan Price Set did get a good name, and reach the point where its leader could proudly say, "It's the best band

With the Set, Alan has had five hit records, the same number he had with the Animals. "So in a way, I've done what I wanted to do, because nobody ever mentions the Animals any more. We are recognized 'in our own right'.'

The rather taciturn Geordie was in a talkative mood and went on to recall the dues he paid while striving for the recognition he has now achieved. "There used to be a joke when I was living in Newcastle," he smiled. "People would come to the door all the time and say 'Oh, it's ex-Animal Alan Price'! Of course they billed me that way, too. I asked for it not to be done, but after all that's the only reason you got gigs. I'm not going to put it down, because if the

promoters want to get the people in, obviously they've got to do it.

Alan's repertoire is probably one of the most varied in the whole pop world, ranging as it does from hard blues to comedy numbers, like Rany Newman's Simon Smith and his Amazing Dancing Bear', and Alan's own 'House That Jack Built'. Even so, his inclusion of jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins' 'Don't Stop the Carnival' in the British charts came as a pleasant surprise. "It was a pretty good idea," Alan agreed, "and after all, it's not often that you get Sonny Rollins in the charts!"

That the pianist-singer is quite a jazz fancier is evident from his own muscular and instantly recognizable piano playing. But as far as the blues is concerned, the group have been dropping a lot of their raving 12-bar numbers lately. "I suppose we're doing more pretty things, really," said Alan. "We're leaning towards the folky kind of scene because you get tired of shouting! We're doing things that are a little more complicated, but as far as a single is concerned, I really don't know what to do."

One of the reasons why Alan has been stuck for a new hit for so long, (he withdrew Leadbelly's 'When I Was a Cowboy' when his publicist said she disliked it,) is because he does not have the temperament to make number one records. "It's a strange thing to admit but it's something you can't get over. You're stuck with it," he explained. "I get very upset if it hasn't happened after a couple of hours in the studio. I've swallowed a lot of good things I've written because I just couldn't get it right.
If I can't get it right, I hate persisting."

He explained his recording method: "Usually I give them an idea of what we want to play, then spend about half-an-hour while the gear's getting set up to polish the front-line, and do other odd things, and then I leave a lot of it to chance. If it doesn't come off, well, I'd rather leave it."

In spite of the way he works, and the small amount of time he is prepared to invest in making a single, Alan remains a perfectionist. "If you really like music, you don't make records that you're not satisfied with," he said. "The Beatles and the Stones make very good records, but they're not so great musically as much as technically, in their approach to the business of making records."

He cited his own 'Shame' as an example of a musically good song which was nevertheless not hit material. "Performance-wise it really took off. It sold, but not that much, because there were a lot more chords in it than there should have been for it to be commerical. I was satisfied because it happened and it was recorded right. I can't stand messing around and taking hours over the sound or something!

"A lot of people make records at night and come in the next day and reduce the tracks then. I can't do that. It takes me an average of three or four hours to do a couple of takes. I reduce it there and then. I go into the studio at 12 o'clock, and stay there until 5:30, until I've got a 7½" copy that I can take home and play until I'm sick. That's the only way."

Although Alan has written some very good songs, he finds it quite an effort to turn out easy-going numbers. "When I wrote 'the House That Jack Built', I had to do something to follow up 'Simon Smith'. I've written a lot of things since then but that was a definite effort. I was a bit drunk when I wrote it and I was really taking the mickey out of the psychedelic scene. Everybody thought I was taking it out of mental homes, and so on, which is something I don't agree with at all. I really set out to do a nursery rhyme type of song."

There was a time when Alan was one of the country's leading'organists but these days it's piano all the way for him. "I don't play organ any more, he explained. "I bought an organ when I was with the Animals, but I've never had one at home, never practiced. In fact I dislike the organ. I've got a piano at home, and I always play it, and just lately I've been practicing and doing some interesting things. You get a tingle sometimes and you want to play. I'm not a great soloist or anything, but I know I can play, and it's just a question of keeping your ears and your eyes open to see if there's anything you can do. You write and jot things down. I've written stacks of songs, but none of them

are very good, and even the ones that are good would have limited appeal."

The fact that Alan feels strongly sympathetic towards integration of all music idioms can be seen from his varied repertoire. "There's definitely a comingtogether of the whole scene, both here and in the States," he said, going on to point out that pop and soul arrangements are getting better as groups beg, borrow and steal from diverse sources. The pianist himself has always been associated with jazz musicians, and his face as a listener is a familiar one in London's major jazz room. Nevertheless, he is a little disillusioned with the way the music has turned in order to progress.

He went on: "I think the only good things that are coming out of jazz now are the things that are influenced by pop music, people like Charles Lloyd. Ornette Coleman? I've heard him quite a few times and it's got to the stage where you don't say 'yes' any more.

"Well you do, I suppose, out of respect. You say here's a fellow who's trying to do something different but he's always tried to do something different and he never moves you - or at least, not me. The nearest thing to it is Roland Kirk. He's worth turning up for because he always puts on a little show. This is the thing: It all started out in the beginning as happy music, and happy scenes, and a gathering together. It made you jump and it made you want to move, but now it's as if you're pressed down in your seat by the music. And that, let's be honest, is a bringdown. I don't care what anybody says but I don't go out of my way to listen to jazz any more."

Alan Price's future is rather uncertain, especially now that he has bequeathed the singing chores to 12-string guitarman and conga drummer, Paul Williams. He is very happy with his group both socially and musically and for that reason, if no other, he would have second thoughts about a complete break up. "I'll go on making records, I guess," he said. "I'll have the couple of hits and the odd miss — if I keep going. I'm getting pretty tired of it but I've been experimenting with some new things and I've come up with some good ideas and new approaches. The only thing is that I just know that it'll be a minority scene again and financially, you just can't afford to do that. If you intend to play, and I've always wanted to play, you've got to temper all your approaches to fit in with your financial needs. And that's not easy.'

Neither was it easy for Alan Price to break away from his ex-Animal image. To show you how successful he was at establishing himself on his own terms, it's a safe bet that I'm the only writer to mention his past career at any time this year. Long may his ex-Animal's roar shake the pop world! We need people with his kind of soul. Devalerie wilmer



Draw the Leprechaun

Contest prize: \$795.00 commercial art scholarship

It's the luck of the Irish you're reading this ad. Draw the mischievous Erin elf above. Make your drawing in pencil. And make it a different size from the picture.

If you win the St. Patrick's Day Scholarship prize, you get the complete course in commercial art taught by one of America's leading home study art schools—Art Instruction Schools. You will receive personal attention from professional commercial artists in fields of advertising art, illustrating, cartooning and painting.

Every qualified entrant gets a free professional estimate of talent.

Entries for the contest must be in before March 31, 1969. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Clip the coupon below and mail it right away! It could start your art career!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ENTER CONTEST

A2/ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

Studio 8D-4040
500 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

Please enter my drawing in your contest.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name	
Occupation	Age
Address	Apt
City	State
MEDITED SOL	1 A Sign Code



Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

Approved for Veterans Training.





the western boundary of Yorkville Vil-tunately, a few locals dug what the group lage. Avenue Road is where the Ken- was attempting to do and they stayed sington Market began a year ago--five at Boris' while the band's reputation imaginative musicians tired of playing spread to New York. someone else's ideas. They named themwanted to do everything.

At first they were virtually unnoticed. Torontonians were reluctant to react favorably to the type of music that they Century Studio, but they titled the disc

 ${f A}$ venue Road, a two-lane thorough- played out of an obscure coffee joint Toronto, is accepted as called Boris', also on Avenue Road. For-

Felix Pappalardi (responsible for proselves after a street market because ducing the Youngbloods and Cream) store owners "sell everything and we came to Toronto to hear them. Afterwards he decided to record the Toronto group. The five musicians left home to record their debut album at New York's



after their hangout---Avenue Road.

Pappalardi's masterful orchestrations: the Market's soft, melodic sound; and anecdotic lyrics mark it as one of the finest albums of this year. Big productions are not common in the Canadian industry nor are talents like the Kensington Market. Keith McKie's imagery Aunt Violet's Knee" proves it.

"Blue bottle flies that play on my window

As sun sits on Sunday and watches the nests

Of daddy long legs, and moomy long legs and their children

Who will grow up in the lands of rest but they will not wait long."

manager, pudgy Bernie Finklestein, is no newcomer to music. Last year he sold the Paupers to Albert Grossman for an estimated price of \$20,000. Although the Paupers are extremely talented, they just didn't make

"The Paupers weren't good enough for what I wanted to do," claims Bernie, if you question him about the sale. Today he works insanely hard at promoting the Market on an international scale. Six months ago he was fighting for bookings in Toronto clubs.

Like the rest of Canada, Toronto tries hard not to be square but it really is. Canadians won't accept local groups with untried (not played on American radio) material. "Be original and starve," is still the password among local musicians. Toronto hasn't learned that success takes more than a few weeks of playing Top 40 tunes. Most bands imitate anything they can find. This is one reason for Canada's high group casualty list in the States.

"I believe that we are the first group formed in this city to do original material," states Keith McKie. "We never intended to do songs by others, we had too much material and too many ideas of our own."

Keith sings, composes and plays guitar; Luke Gibson also composes and is second lead singer; drummer Jimmy Watson also plays sitar; Alex Darou is the group's bassist; and Gene Martynec writes, sings and plays electric piano and lead quitar.

If one has to evaluate the group, it's Keith you pick as the most valuable member. Although the lead singer, he tends to be more of a songwriter than entertainer. One of the Market's prime sources of strength are his graphic anec-

We met in the back of a club on Yorkville Avenue. Since the group's departure to New York to record the album, Boris' had closed its doors. Keith looks like a little boy almost afraid to laugh or cry. As we talked within the shelter of the darkened alleyway, I recognized Keith's brand of individualism--a personality that seeks the answers and

(continued on page 65)



Surprise your friends! Be the hit of the party! Let Chet Atkins If you're not thrilled and delighted, your himself show you how with easy-to-follow diagrams and notes. money will be cheerfully refunded.

Even if you can't tell a guitar pick from a shovel, Chet can have you playing before you know it.

If you have tried to learn guitar and failed, the easy-as-pie system will have you playing mighty sharp in nothing flat. If you are a professional, Chet will reveal to you the "tricks" of his trade that make other guitar players drool.

And you don't have to read a note of music! In this quickest-to-learn-system, Chet takes you by the hand and leads you every step of the way BOTH BY NOTE AND BY SIMPLE DIAGRAMS!

So fill out the coupon and rush it back to us NOW! The complete price is a low, low \$2.98, postage and handling FREE! If you're not thrilled and delighted, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Clip and Mail Coupon to:
VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. HR-369 P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.
Gentlemen:
Enclosed is \$2.98. Kindly rush the CHET ATKINS GUITAR COURSE to me! If not completely satisfied I may return the course to you for a full refund.
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
THe COD affects



MAKE YOUR OWN MUSIC FOR YOUR SONG POEMS!

Amazing new COMPOSAGRAPH Method has you setting your own SONG POEMS to music even if you don't know a note! Save hundreds of dollars by making your own melodies for your SONG POEMS! How to Copyright your own songs and make your own Records! Where to send and sell your Songs and Records! Learn at home through quick, low-cost training, Get your first big Song Break! Send for FREE details today!

COMPOSAGRAPH, Dept. 103 P ROCKPORT, MASS.

Is what you get when you read our informative, factual booklet on records, songs, publishing, recording. Write for FREE information.

MUSIC WORLD, Box 103, Sharon, Mass. 02067

Size 8 x 10 Inches

Send No Money 3 for \$175

Professional Art Studies, 917 N. Main, Dp 1439 C. Princeton, Illinois

learn At Home—In Just A Few Weeks!

Amazing "POP" singing training for men and boys! New talent needed all the time! Get into BIG-PAY career—singing Rock n' Roll, eountry, Western, folk songs. Lead your own singing group! How to make your own stinging group! How to make How to get your first big singing break! Star with orchestras, nightclubs, radio, TV. Learn all this at home in just a few weeks through quick, low-cost training. Send for FREE details today.

SONG STUDIOS, Dept. 2 3-5 ROCKPORT, MASS



How to play lead guitar in a small combo. Covers rock, pop, country-western. Everything clearly explained in diagram form. Improve your playing fast. Explains how to play by ear. Covers lead chords, runs, intros, endings, improvising, background work, and arranging. Instant transposing explained. Change any song into any key instantly. How to develop your own style and a professional touch. Tips on making your entire band sound better. Your playing must improve or your money-back. Send no money! Just name and address. Pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send \$3 with order and I pay postage. LEAD MAN, Box 19012-HP, Indianapolis, Ind. 46219



by Felix Pappalardi

The first album is a set called "The Complete Organ Music Of Johann Sebastian Bach" on Murrayhill Records. Walter Kraft is the organist and he performs the music on twenty different European organs from Bach's time. Bach played many of them himself. Kraft plays 217 words which comprise the complete Bach compositions for organ. This is required listening for anyone interested in music. It's an eighteen record set costing twenty dollars, but it's well worth it. For the last six months, I've taken this set, wherever I go. I got one and gave it to Jack Bruce of Cream who is also digging it. Harmonically and rhythmically this is the bible of reference works.

Another is Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic playing the Shostakovich Symphony #5 on Columbia Records. It's a beautiful performance and recording, a very significant work.

Also, "The Bartok Concerto for Orchestra," with Eric Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony on RCA Victor. They worked for months and months setting the orchestra up in different ways on pedestals with various mike setups for best possible sound. The orchestration is fresh and alive. Bartok's conception of harmonic movement, specifically from key to key and between keys, is the best. Incredible brass things and great ideas for guys in bands if they want eclectic material.

Another is Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." a ballet suite; performed by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia orchestra on Columbia. Simply beautiful. The other side is "The Harry Janos Suite" by Zoltan Kodaly. It's a fantasy suite about a Hungarian folk hero. There's an incredible Hungarian instrument which is similar to an autoharp, but the strings are hit with covered hammers rather than plucked. The way he creates sections of music is just amazing. Any musician into contemporary music must hear this. Besides the educational value, it's great listening.

I believe classical music is getting very popular because of exposure. The Beatles did a lot for that. The first time I heard "Eleanor Rigby" I said, "Wow, that's just like Bedrich Smetana." He wrote a string quartet called "From My Life" (RCA Victor LSC 2887) and "Rigby" is precisely in that style. "Yesterday" is very much like this, too.

Now, anything can happen. More and more people from different backgrounds are meeting and exchanging ideas. The classical thing is only a small part of it. The more things we get influenced by. the more we learn. It will be very exciting l'm sure. □





HUMAN MUSIC Bobby Scott Talks to Jim Delehant,

In 1954, when I was sixteen years old, I joined Gene Krupa. I had already recorded for Bethlehem so I was available for work.

It was a great education and Krupa proved to be an excellent leader. He watched out for me and kept me out of trouble while we were on the road. After that I recorded for ABC and had a big record called "Chain Gang." At that point I became a singer as well as a pianist.

I dropped a lot of prejudices I had for certain types of music and got into country, folk and blues. I widened my scope. I sort of fell out of the scene for awhile and played weekend gigs in a little club in New Haven, Connecticut. That's where I discovered new capabilities. Mainly I learned to listen closely to what I was doing. I had been playing so much before that, I didn't even bother to hear myself. I started listening to everyone.

During that time I heard a lot of ta**lent that I** wanted to produce and I brought Jesse Colin Young and Bobby Hebb to Mercury. My eyes and ears were really open. I also arranged three albums for Bobby Darin.

All the types of music I heard I emulated on my piano. I tried to capture their stylistic peculiarities like transcribing country western guitar to the piano. There's a definite connection between me and my country. I never get tired of hearing the music of my people.

I'm in this business to express myself and enjoy it. It's very difficult to find people who want to hear all my view points. Uusally they just want my jazz piano or my pop vocals. It's very frustrating. I have to shift gears. Hopefully I can do all these different things on albums and get the people to hear everything.

Right now jazz is on its back. It's not dead by any means but it's gotten away from the need of people. Young people want to dance. It's also gotten too urbanized and forgot its roots. The kids feel it that way and they turn to Motown or the Youngbloods where the roots are very dominant.

I'm not against protest, but I'm against using music as protest, which is what the new jazz players are doing. Now it's a hand maiden when it should be a queen. Music must remain unadulterated. Cannonball Adderly has remained close to the blues roots and his jazz will always live.

Take a small country like Ireland, one of the most musical countries in the world. It has one of the largest folk literatures of any nation. However, Ireland hasn't produced a Beethoven or a Brahm probably because it's unnecessary. The Irishman's need is taken care of in his folk literature and it's right from the people. In America, the folk literature comes out in Motown and the Jesse Colin Youngs and in a broader sense, the Beatles. Harmonically these young people are using changes that are very interesting and perhaps even purer than jazz. They're drawing on a rural feeling which is country western and blues. The richness and the courage to be simple. And some of the poetry is marvelous. "If Tomorrow Wasn't Such A Long Time" by Bob Dylan is an absolute gem lyrically and melodically. He's very limited in some areas but Dylan is head and shoulders above most of the older pro-writers who are merely



If music is good, then everyone will come to it. If I don't get to the people then I can't blame them. I'd blame myself because there's something wrong with the way I'm conveying it.

I've always been frustrated that I couldn't do everything that I wanted. The music business is a filing system and you have to fit into a certain bag to make it. I have a hard time finding places to work where I can stretch out in all the things I'm capable of. When I hear music that I like from a Scottish heathen, the Beatles or a Negro street singer, I have to do it.

The Dramatic Double Knit!

This handsome California creation looks like a turtleneck sweater under the smartest of knitted sport shirts.
But — It's a one plece garment of a wonderful feeling fabric, bonded 100% tufted acetate, with Durene front panel knitted into a turtleneck.
New and flattering.
S207 Burnished Gold, S208 Kelly Green, S315 Lavender, S316 Royal Blue.
Sizes: S,M,L,XL.
\$14.95 postpaid, or \$2. deposit on C.O.D., you pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. See our collection of dramatic apparel and imported footwear. tic apparel and imported footwear.

eganza

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

389 Monument St., Brockton, Mass. 02403

DO YOU WANT MORE POPULARITY MORE BOOKINGS, MORE MONEY?

Retired Booker, Promoter and Rock Band Manager tells you how and where to get more bookings, how to "squeeze" more money from operators and how to become a Rock and Roll sensation in your area. All this and more in an 80-page book written just for Rock and Roll

Buy this beautiful book now from its Author while limited supply lasts.

Send \$2.00 in Cash, Check or Money Order To: MR. GARRISON

2013 Ida Mae Court - Minot, N. Dak. 58701

All Things are Possible!"

Are you facing difficult problems? Poor Health? Money

Job Troubles? Unhappiness? Drink? Love or Family

Troubles? Would you like more Happiness, Success and

"Good Fortune" in Life? If you have any of these

Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here
is wonderful NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of

PRAYER that is helping thousands to glorious new
happiness and joy... Just clip this message now and
mail with your name, address and 25¢ to cover

postage and handling. We will rush this wonderful

NEW MESSAGE OF PRAYER and
Faith to you by Return Mail

Absolutely FREE! We will also
send you FREE, this beautiful

GOLDEN CROSS for you to keep
and treasure.

Life, Sturdy Fellowshin

Life-Study Fellowship BOXF 5713 NOROTON, CONN.



GOLDEN CROSS

AT HOME IN SPARE TIME

Low monthly payments include standard text books and instruction. Credit for subjects already completed. Progress as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. DIPLOMA AWARDED

SEND	FOF	RORE	CHURE-	TELLS	YOU	HOA
	-	THE	72ND	VEA	P-	

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-381 Drexel at 58th, Chicago, Illinois 60637 Please send FREE High School Brochure NAME.

Accredited Member NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL





DEEP PURPLE

Rod Evans — lead singer — started singing professionally when he was 15. His strongly individual style is typified in his treatment of standards which he approaches in a totally different way. He writes the lyrics for Deep Purple's originals together with Jon Lord — among their songs are "One More Rainy Day" and "Mandrake Root."

Ritchie Blackmore — lead guitar — saved up his pocket money and

bought a battered Spanish guitar when he was 11. He set about teaching himself to play with a striking discipline that is still apparent in his practicing now. Working on the basis of ideas put up by Jon Lord, Ritchie and Nicky contribute in the writing of the music.

Nicky Simper — bass guitar and vocal harmony — was originally a lead guitarist, which has given him valuable experience in his Deep Purple role of complementing Ritchie Blackmore's playing. Like the rest of the group, Nicky has been practicing for an average of five hours a day for the last two months.

Jon Lord — organ and vocal harmony — began to study the piano when he was 9; by the time he was 11 he was an accomplished organist. His interest in classical music waned in his late teens when he became absorbed by jazz and popular music. He went on to apply his technique to developing a style of his own, which is one of the outstanding features of the sound of Deep Purple.

Ian Paice — drummer — provides the strong but subtle basis for Deep Purple's complex arrangements. His talent is highlighted in their stage show when the other members of the group leave him to do a six minute solo. Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich have been his greatest influences. As well as rehearsing with the group, Ian practices by himself for at least an hour-and-a-half every day

TEN YEARS AFTER

Ten Years After came together about eight months ago.

Alvin Lee, Leo Lyons, Ric Lee and Chick (he has no other name), came together to make music. To make music by themselves....of themselves.

After a "getting together" period of about a month and a half, the group made their debut appearance at London's famous Marquee Club.

To quote John C. Gee, manager of the club, "I first met them one afternoon in the late spring of this year. I was working away in my office when suddenly I heard the strains of Woody Herman's "Woodchoppers Ball." Seized with curiosity, I entered the club and there on stage were these four guys obviously having a wild (Woodchoppers?) ball. To this day I've never discovered how they came to be there and I've never really bothered to ask. I was wildly excited with their playing and gave them a date at the Marquee."



Since that very first Marquee booking, Ten Years After have become a regular feature at the club and each successive appearance outstrips the one before in terms of audience reaction. They are the only group ever to play at the Marquee and get ecstatic applause after solos.

The group's talents received much wider recognition in August when they appeared at the 7th National Jazz and Blues Festival at Windsor and received a standing ovation from a 20,000-strong crowd.

To have their music widely ap-

preciated is the aim of Ten Years After. They call what they play "progressive blues" and their individual talents are quite startling, with guitarist Alvin, in particular, being lauded to the skies by fellow musicians and fans alike.

The phenomenal success which they have met with in a few short months is an indication to those who have not heard them that perhaps there is — "something there"....

....to hear their Deram record album is to realize just how much.

Such has happened in the case of Ten Years After, a group who has so much to say, that an album was the only means of expression.

But let us consider the facts — and if the fact that these four diverse personalities got together in the first place is remarkable — the manner in which this happened is nothing short of incredible.

They actually met in a North Wales bus shelter, and this was the 'cue' they had all been waiting for. There was Alvin, tall, moody and intense, brilliant guitarist, and now the main musical 'thinker' of the group. Expilot Leo, probably the most highly-rated bass player in England, to whom the old American West is secondary only to music. And the terrible twins Ric and Chick, one well-loved and quiet, the other irrepressible and an incorrigible loner. Together their personalities fit as intricately and effectively as the firing mechanism of an H-Bomb — and potentially more

From the early days at the Marquee, the standing ovation at the 7th Windsor Jazz and Blues Festival by a rapturous crowd of 20,000 and indescribable scenes of adulation on the Continent, has come a very individual, very personal brand of music which cannot be categorized.

Now the time is ripe for the world to share in their music, the revolution is won, to be climaxed by a tumultuous uprising in the charts.

BARBARA ACKLÍN

From an office receptionist to one of the brightest young recording stars, all in a few short months, is the Cinderella story of Barbara Acklin.

Though Barbara's rapid rise to stardom seemed to happen literally "overnight," actually this exciting youngster has been working at her chosen showbusiness career since her early childhood on Chicago's Southside. While still in school. Barbara sang in the school choir. and at the tender age of eleven joined the Big Zion Baptist Church choir as a featured soloist with the famed voices. Her outstanding vocal ability during these early years convinced Barbara's parents of the in-born talents of their youngster, and she was registered for four vears of advanced training at the Sims Vocal School in her native

Upon graduation from Dunbar Vocational High School, Barbara appeared in local clubs and did some recordings for an independent Chicago label. But the going was slow and she turned to her vocational school training and accepted a job as a receptionist in the Chicago office of Brunswick Records. Dur-



ing her working day at the Brunswick office, Barbara kept after Carl Davis, the label's A&R Director, to give her the opportunity to record. She was so persistent that Carl decided to give her a chance and

teamed her with Brunswick star Gene Chandler for a single. Though the single was not a big national sales hit it garnered a tremendous amount of radio action, enough to convinced Carl that Barbara was surely a potential recording star in her own right. While Carl continued to search for the right song for Barbara to make her solo Brunswick recording debut she stayed on as the company's receptionist. Soon Carl found a song titled "Love Makes A Woman," and the rest, as they say, is show business history. Her record raced up the R&B and pop charts and established Barbara Acklin as one of the brightest young stars on the recording scene today.

To add to this youngsters talents, Barbara is also a proficient and successful song writer. Her song writing credits include Jackie Wilson's hit of "Whispers" and her own duet with Gene Chandler of "Show Me The Way To Go," among others.

And as the Barbara Acklin story continues to unfold, Brunswick will release new singles and albums by this bright young star, television viewers will be introduced to her talent, her personal appearance schedule will carry her far and wide, she will expand her song writing efforts and the name and talents of Barbara Acklin will carve a solid niche in the annals of today's show business world.

LINN COUNTY

There's a Linn County in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Oregon. But, more important, you'll also find Linn County in the state of mind.

The latter Linn County happens to be one of the heaviest groups ever to come out of Chicago. All five members of the act now live in San Francisco, where they built up an incredible reputation even prior to release of their first Mercury LP, "Proud Flesh Soothseer."

Linn County is Stephen Miller, organ and vocals; Fred Walk, guitar; Larry Easter, horns; Snake McAndrew, drums and Dino Long, bass. The five of them are into some of the most amazing music ever performed. They're adept at playing almost anything, including rock, R&B, blues, country and jazz. In fact, all the latter musical areas are represented in their repertoire, with the blues sort of forming a base and holding everything else together.

Environment has played a major role in the development of Linn County. The group actually took form in lowa, where all the members lived at one time. When they moved to Chicago about a year ago, they got themselves together

much more. And now that they're in San Francisco, they're really together.

The change, though, from a rural atmosphere to an urban one has had its effects on the group. While they're fascinated by big city life, they are at the same time appalled by it. Pollution, crime, poverty and everything else that blights our cities is reflected in Linn County's music. "They are the poets," says the group's manager, John Cabalka. "They love to stand on the perimeter of things and watch the workings, and at the same time make notes of just what's going on.

"As far as music goes, they don't care where the roots are from. They'll go in any direction. In fact, they're musically capable of putting out a complete jazz or even country IP"

Steve Miller (no relation to the other one) does not discount lowa as owing to the act's development. "There are quite a few people in that state who really dig what we put across," he says. "In Chicago and especially San Francisco, though, we can get into what we want to play much more."

Today, the vocalist observes his group in terms of the evolution of



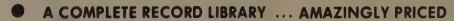
pop music over the past several years. That much progress has been made.

"One can't really classify us in a specific category, or even in a couple categories," Miller explains. "Sometimes we'll think we have our sound figured out but then

it turns out that we really don't." For that very reason the act shortened its name a number of months ago. Originally known as the Linn County Blues Band, they dropped the "blues band" connotation because, as Miller puts it, "we're into so many different things now."

RECORD RIOT CLOSE-OUT! HIT SONGS

FEATURING:





- MUSIC GALORE FOR ALL THE CURRENT DANCES
 - HOURS OF LISTENING AND DANCING FUN
 - MAKES A PERFECT PARTY-PAK













YOU GET ALL OF THESE GREAT HITS:-

- Rain On The Roof
- 2. Winchester Cathedral
- 3. Good Vibrations
- 4. You Don't Have To Paint Me A Picture
- 5. I'm Your Puppet
- 6. I Got The Feeling
- 7. Summer In The City
- 8. I Couldn't Live Without Your Love
- 9. Blowin' In The Wind
- 10. Warm And Tender Love
- 11. Pretty Flamingo
- 12. See You In September
- 13. Paint It, Black
- 14. IAm A Rock
- 15. Red Rubber Ball
- 16. Green Grass
- 17. Opus 17
- 18. Girl In Love

- 19. Sure Gonna Miss Her
- 20. Daydream
- 21. Somewhere
- 22. Bang Bang
- 23. Good Lovin'
- 24. Kicks
- 25. Michelle
- 26. Tell Me Why
- 27. Can You Please Crawl **Out Your Window**
- 28. Sounds Of Silence
- 29. Five O'Clock World
- 30. A Well Respected Man
- 31. Turn Turn Turn
- 32. I Hear A Symphony
- 33. But You're Mine
- 34. Get Off Of My Cloud
- 35. Positively 4th Street
- 36. Run Baby Run

SEND NOW for this greatest record bargain of all time! If not thoroughly delighted, just return within 10 days for a full refund to: HIT RECORDS, CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.



Amazing Offer!

RECORDS (45 R.P.M.)

ONLY 51/2¢ PER SONG

1	O	HEV	BA	CV	CIL	DA	NTEE
100	U	AE I	-BM	Ch	GUN	an er	MIEE

HIT RECORDS, DEPT. HP-369 Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. (No C O D.'s) Enclosed is \$1.98 (cash, check, money order), plus 25¢ for postage and handling. Please rush me my 36 SMASH HITS (Please Print)

State (Canadians: \$2.75 -International Money Order)

62

platter chatter

TRUTH is power according to the Jeff Beck Group. Power to vibrate your bones and dislocate your nervous system. The music was recorded at the highest possible volume level and has to be the most pleasurable loudness ever put on grooves. Beck's guitar is an unforgettable experience in his use of distortion, thick rhythm, volume, echo, orchestrated string bending - one hundred pythons determined to crush you. Ron Wood's bass and Mick Waller's drums are unrelenting boa constrictors. And then suddenly, a gently rendering of "Greensleeves" on Beck's solo, accoustic guitar, but that's the only relief. Rod Stewart's vocals match the power, even on their ballad arrangements of "Morning Dew" and "Ol' Man River." Basically, it's all blues but quite unique in the end. A bit of tongue in cheek with canned applause reacting to soloists on "Blues DeLuxe." Don't miss out on this one. (Epic BN 26413)

MR. BOJANGLES by Jerry Jeff Walker is one of the better representations of a trend back to country roots. 'Actually the good people have never lost sight of the roots, but it's healthy to go back once in a while and explore and wallow in the fresh air, mountains and mud from whence it all came. The hit single is here, of course, and nine others. "Gypsy Songman" is a bluegrass number but Walker's vocal takes it somewhere else in a Kenny Rankin sort of way. "I Make Money (Money Don't Make Me)" is bluegrass with a jugband feel. The rest of the songs are in a folk ballad style wrapped up in extremely pleasant melodies and guitar. (Atco SD 33259)

LIVE WIRE is Albert King recorded during a concert at the San Francisco Filmore. In December 1966 Hit Parader, we predicted Albert would be a hit and it's happened. Once again, here are the living roots. All those guitar licks you've been hearing on records lately have been used by Albert since he first picked up a guitar almost thirty years ago. Albert is out of the B.B. tradition, but more mud than concrete and he crams more blues notes into a lick than B.B. does. B. B. has mastered the art of using less to say the same thing. Albert is harder, more primitive, but still a gas. This is mainly an instrumental album. On "Blues Power," Albert stretches out for ten minutes, driving his funky notes into your guts, interspersing spoken sermons about the blues. The way Albert strikes a note ahead of or behind the beat is very exciting. He performs two uptempo shuffle numbers, one of them a vocal, and "Blues At Sunrise" is a slow vocal. Excellent album. (Stax 2003)

THE ASYLUM CHOIR has to be one of the most ambitious, tasteful, productions ever layed down in rock. The Choir is a duo - Leon Russell and Mark Benno. Leon built his own recording studio and along with Mark proceeded to write, arrange, sing, play and record every inch of music here. They did it through a very long, painful, loving, complicated process of splicing and overdubbing. I wouldn't be a bit surprized if they went to the factory and carefully slipped each record into every jacket and lined the shipping boxes with ermine. The album is a jewel from the hearts of mad geniuses. The real genius lies in their editing. There must be miles of tape they sweated over laying about somewhere, probably under their pillows. The music? You simply must hear it to believe, and then you will mail your spleen and liver to Hit Parader for bringing it to your attention. An absolute twenty gun salute. (Mercury SRS 67107)

SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON/VOLUME 2 Here comes the roots again. Just can't get away from it. Here's blues that left the country and started to get citified - recorded between 1937 and 1946. Williamson sings and plays harp on all 14 cuts and his sidemen are just as strong: Walter Davis, Bill Broonzy, Big Maceo, Tampa Red, Eddie Boyd, all men who contributed much to the dynamics of city blues. Musically and lyrically, Sonny Boy was a giant in the same way Hank Williams was. They never got away from what the people wanted to hear. A beautiful album to listen to over and over. (Blues Classics 20)



did you know?

63%Of Hill PARA DE Read A MANA TARANTANA DE READ A MANA DE READ A

Play Own 25.3% 37.7 Piano Regular Guitar Electric Guitar 45.1% 43.0 35.0 25.3 32.7 12.7 Drums 11.7 25.8 Organ 21.6 19.5 Harmonica Clarinet 11.1 8.1 5.0 Accordion 7.5 7.4 4.8 Trumpet 3 Ukelele 6.9 5.1 4.6 Violin 3.1 4.7 2.7 Saxophone 4.2 3.9 2.3 Banjo Tam borine 2.5 1.4 Flute 1.3 0.7 Bass 6.2 10.1 Others

COMING SOON
A NEW READER SURVEY
WATCH FOR IT!

THE KENSINGTON MARKET STORY

(continued from page 56)

truths that others are afraid to find

or guess.

"Everybody is an individual, except most won't say what they want to say. Instead they go in a circle to spread things around. I don't see the point of doing things you don't want to do."

Excerpts from "Colour Her Sunshine?"

"And I find That I can take my time. Let the day slip away.'

We ran through the standard questions and answers game: Born November 20, 1947 in St. Atibans (25 miles from London, England). Arrived in Canada in April, 1953 expecting Indian tepees and a rougher life (typically English thought). Lived in Sault Ste. Marie before moving to Toronto three years ago with a rock group that broke up here months later.

making \$30-40 a week "While I thought I had lots of security. Today I don't dig skuffling. There's so many things in your way. You have to work at a certain level to see your work through. Lots of bands looking for easy money play the bars instead of seeking musical satisfaction. I got out because wasn't satisfied with that arrangement."

Nervously looking away from a nearby brick wall, he glanced upward, over the Village boutique's roof, to the darkened office buildings on Bloor Street. really want to get out of this," he said calmly. "Actually I'm a money freak. You know, big house on the hill, money to go anywhere you want and to do things you want to do. Things like that."

After the group's breakup, Keith retreated to his room to concentrate on writing songs. He turned down numerous offers from local groups feeling that the type of people he wanted to perform his songs were not around.

Months later, and after meeting Bernie he began thinking of performing the material he had written with a diversified musical unit. After discussing each other's ideas over countless coffee urns, an agreement was made.

First Keith found three brilliant musicians anxious to give up security in wellestablished jobs for a group unlike any other. Laying down their objectives, all agreed not to give in to pressure to become another Toronto local "jukebox" wonder" ('a la Stitch and Tyme).

Of the three initial members, Keith has these words:

"Alex (24) is a strong Capricorn with a good head for ideas.

'Jimmy (17) is just a groovy kid and one heck of a drummer. He taught himself to play and this is the first group he's played in.

"Gene (21) is a brilliant musician with lots of good ideas as well as being an excellent quitatist."

The four retreated to a dusty, waterfront warehouse to practice for six weeks. Afterwards they played a few gigs but realized that something was wrong.

"We never intended to be a four man group," explains Keith. "So when Luke disbanded his group (Luke and the Apostles), we naturally asked him to join." The apostles were one of the most talented, unknown blues group in Toronto a few years ago. Their sound has served as a base for a great many local groups.

"Luke has tons of energy," comments Keith. "He is very gifted rhythmically as well as being one of the finest singers I know."

At first, recognition for the group seemed impossible. Because of their original plans to perform music of their own, they were forced to play within Yorkville where kids are more aware of what's happening. But gradually the pieces fell in place.

Last summer they composed, arranged and recorded the sound track music for Don Owen's, internationally-acclaimed National Film Board film, "The Ernie Game.'

They released two records, Mr. John and Bobby's Birthday; but in all fairness, the discs were too far-out, too soon for the local market.

Bernie didn't have to hustle for book-Promoters were asking for his group. He brought the right people to watch the group perform at Boris'. Of course one of the right persons was Pappalardi.

The group leaves on a five week American tour beginning at New York's Bitter End, and includes San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland but Keith has thoughts of his own for the followup.

He promises that the next album will be one step further. "The album out now is really our old thing," he points

"From approximately a year ago up to the last day of recording," interjects

Keith added, "I'm satisfied with it. It's perfect from where we were at that point.

Both returned to the club to begin the next set. I sat watching the lights that shadow nearby Yorkville Lane. They blinked at the passing suburbanites as they made their way into the Village. Then I noticed that Luke had already begun singing "Speaking of Dreams."

"Visions of the night before stringing

slowly through my mind Outside the people pass but they still look the same Oh how they're unaware of the love they don't have."

(Latest album -- Avenue Road/Warner Bros. -- Seven Arts.) Ilarry leblanc

BE A "POP" SINGER!

New talent needed all the time!
Get into BIG-PAY career singing
Rock-'n-Roll, country, Western,
rhythm songs! In only a few short
weeks you can become a pop singer, starring at social affairs,
radio, TV, nightclubs! Popularity,
new friends, gay parties, extra
money, travel! How to lead your
own singing group, find a manager and get yo
singing break! How to audition, make your own
and where to send and sell them—where you
nearby! Learn all this at home through quick, ic
method! Send for Free details today!

SONG STUDIOS, DEPT. 403-S ROCKPORT, MASS

How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons

A booklet everyone who likes to draw should have. FREE! No obligation. Send name, zip code. Write to CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE Dp. 853 Pleasant Hill, Ohio 45359

BOOK



MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS GREAT CRIPPLER

Strikes at Young Adults

Multiple sclerosis is "the great crippler of young adults." An estimated 500,000 Americans, young adults, mothers and fathers, in the active years of community and family service between 20 and 40, have been stricken by MS and related diseases. Cause, prevention and cure remain unknown. The National Multiple Sclerosis Society fights MS through programs of national and international research, community patient services, and public and professional education.

We Make Your Favorite Photo Into

& We Print Your Name on Each FREE

Order now. This is a sensational offer, a real value. 50 real photographs of your favorite photo — 50 beautiful deluxe studio photoprints. And, absolutely FREE, just for the asking — we'll print your name (or any name) on each and every photo. This is the greatest photo offer ever. Order NOW! Just send us your favorite photo or negative (returned unharmed with order) — any size, black and white or color. Only \$1. Add 25c for each set for postage and handling. Limit—6 sets to a customer. Prompt serv-ice. Money-back if not delighted. No COO's please. PHOTO-KING, Dept. 800 G 234 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!!!

THE MAGAZINE THAT HAD TO HAPPEN...

GIANT 80 PAGES OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT



HIT PARADER UEABOOK

BEST SONGS OF THE YEAR

SUPERSTARS

STARS of TOMORROW

RECORD LISTINGS
MUSICANS SHOPPING GUIDE



The Bee Gees The Doors The Cream The Young Rascals Simon & Garfunkel The Temptations Traffic The 4 Tops Steppenwolf

LOOK FOR IT ON YOUR NEWSSTAND OR RESERVE YOUR COPY

H.P. YEARBOOK, Dept. HP-369 Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. Enclosed is 60¢. Send me my copy October 15,1968

City.....Zip Code...

Back Issues Available



OCTOBER 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons, Turtles, Kinks, Beatle Interview, Who, Scott McKenzie, Stax Story, Airplane

"Pleasant Valley Sunda "All You Need Is Love" "Baby I Love You" "Fakin' It" "A Girl Like You"

White Rabit



MOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With Monkees, Spoonful, Herman, Rascals, Supremes, Janis Ian, Booker T., Jefferson Airplane

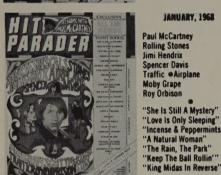
Baatles' "Sgt. Pepper" Monkees' "Headquarters" Stones' "Flowers" "Reflections" "Heroes And Villains" "Apples, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Roy Orbison's Rock History, Neil Diamond, Cyrkle, Mark Lindsay, Paul Butterfield, Stone Airplane, Bee Gees, Bobbie Gentry

"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man" "The Letter



JANUARY, 1968

Paul McCartney Rolling Stones Jimi Hendrix Spencer Davis Traffic @Airplane Moby Grape **Roy Orbison**

"She Is Still A Mystery" "Love Is Only Sleeping"
"Incense & Peppermints"
"A Natural Woman" "The Rain, The Park"
"Keep The Ball Rollin'"



FEBRUARY, 1968

Airplane At Baxter's Eric Burdon The Doors ●The Who Procol Harum Rascals • Moby Grape Herb Alpert

Monkees "Pisces" Album 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine
"I Second That Emotion"
"Watch The Flowers Grow
"Skinny Legs & All"
"In And Out Of Love"



MARCH, 1968

Mama's & Papa's Eric Clapton Gladys Knight & Pips Young Rascals Country Joe & Fish Who Airplane Monkee Album

Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs "Hello Goodbye"
"Watch Her Ride" Love Me Two Times" Wear Your Love Like Heaven" Chain Of Fools



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview Beatles' Movie Buffalo Springfield Bee Gees Stones' Album Rascals' Album Tim Buckley

'She's A Rainbow' "Money" ●"Tomorrow" "Green Tambourine" 'Judy In Disguise" 'Bend Me, Shape Me" 'Sunday Morning"



MAY 1968

The Supremes Bee Gees Lonnie Mack Pete Townshend The Doors Satanic Stones Monkees At Home

"Dock Of The Bay" "End Of Our Road" "I Thank You" "Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain" "We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE. 1968

Bob Dylan Otis Redding Young Rascals Martha & The Vandellas **Rufus Thomas** Rolling Stones

"Valeri" • "Tapioca Tundra" "Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee" Unknown Soldier 'If You Can Want' 'Since You've Been Gone'



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top limi Hendrix **Moby Grape** Bee Gee's lead guitar The Rock Revolution

- "Lady Madonna" "Sweet Inspiration" "Jumbo"
- "Jennifer Eccles" "Forever Came Today" "Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf Byrds Interview Ringo Interview **Rolling Stones** Bob Dylan's new album

Monkee Album songs 'Mrs Robinson' 'If I Were A Carpenter" Like To Get To Know You 'Wear It On Our Face' "The Happy Song"

"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin **Big Cream Interview** Donovan Hollies Beach Boys Impressions Turtles • Laura Nyro

"The Look Of Love" 'MacArthur Park' 'Yester Love' 'Choo Choo Train" 'Master Jack' 'I Love You' "Angel Of The Morning"

50¢	PER	COF	Y.
\$2.0	D AI	NY S	IX
4.00	ALL	TWI	ELVE

HIT PARADER, Dept. HP-369			
CHARLTON	BUILDING, DE	ERBY, CONN.	
		Canada Add 25% -	
Please rush m	e the following	back issue (s) of	HIT PARADER:
☐ Oct., 1967	☐ Jan., 1968	☐ Apr., 1968	☐ July, 1968
□ Nov.,1967	☐ Feb., 1968	☐ May, 1968	☐ Sept., 1968
☐ Dec., 1967	☐ Mar., 1968	☐ June, 1968	☐ Oct., 1968
	☐ ALL TWEE	VE ISSUES	
Name		•••••	
Address	•••••	•••••	••••••
City	State	Zi _l	p

Be the One Who"Makes" Every Party!



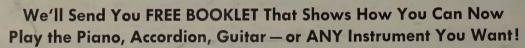
EXCITING HOOTENANNIES!



ROCKING JAM SESSIONS!



Join the swinging world of MUSIC



Wouldn't you like to be really popular at parties—playing the music everybody wants to hear?

Picture the thrill of leading your friends in a wild, hoot-and-holler folk-sing! Of rocking the house down with your own combo! Of playing the latest R & R hits, Surf sounds, Mersey Beat! When you can play music, a whole new swinging world opens up for you—a wonderful world of new self-confidence... popularity... new friends... and even extra cash! Many teen-agers earn their spending money by playing at dances and all kinds of affairs. Still others make music their career... and tour the country in singing groups and combos!

Right now there's a boom on for teen-age

Right now there's a boom on for teen-age musical talent. Every day you hear of another successful new group from Detroit, L.A., or Nashville. Their records sell from coast to coast, their personal appearances thrill thousands! Overnight these kids make "the big time"!

If you like music — if you can follow a tune or keep a beat—it's a good sign that you may have hidden talent. U.S. School of Music wants to discover this talent in kids like you—develop it to bring you more fun in life—even to earn you extra money!

Learn to Play at Home

This exciting new home study Course is meant for active people who want to play fast—who don't want to go slow or be bored. NO impatient teachers to please. NO appointments to keep (or miss). You learn fast by actually playing your favorite instrument. Easy-to-understand instructions and plenty of big, clear pictures teach you step-by-step.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW A NOTE NOW, THIS E CAN HAVE YOU PLAYING REAL MUSIC - FROM THE START!

Your very first lessons include popular songs ... old favorites ... folk tunes. And because you play from real notes you'll quickly be reaching for every kind of music. Ballads ... rhythm and blues ... standards ... the latest numbers from Liverpool – anything you like, EVERYTHING your friends beg you to play, What's more, others in your group can learn right along with you, from the same lessons, if you want. And the cost for everything (including valuable sheet music) is unbelievably low — only a few pennies for each lesson!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

The thrill of playing music is waiting for you NOW! Get started by mailing coupon for valuable Free Booklet. This booklet SHOWS why our way to learn music is so FAST and EASY. It is fully illustrated — and packed with important information on our staff (including award-winning Guitarist Harry Volpe), lessons, free sheet music, additional printed lectures, Personal Advisory Service, and so much more.

Just fill in the coupon. Check the instru-ment you want to play, and mail the coupon now. Booklet will be sent at once. There is no obligation. U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC. Port Washington, New York 11050. Licensed by the New York State Education Dept. A-23





THESE STUDENTS "MADE IT" ... YOU CAN TOO!

TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD

"When I returned to the United States I found I was playing well enough to lead a trio, Have since worked in California, Denver, Rapid City, Washington, D.C., and Europe." —Phil Philoox Nancy, France

FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED

"Ever since I signed up for Piano Course,
I have been reaping happiness. My
friends are astonished and my family
happy. I am a happier person. I will
never forget all the fun I've had while
being enrolled in your school."

—Linda L. Kurtz
Airville, Pa.

HAS 3-PIECE BAND

"I never thought when I took up your Course that I would play this well. I have a three-piece band. We play at night clubs around this area. So you see how much your Course means to me."

-Howard Clark Blaine, Ohio

PLAYS ON RADIO AND TV

"I have performed on television, radio, and before large audiences. I have also written three musicals, I owe my thanks to the U.S. School of Music."

—Leonard Ira Drumheller, Jr. Charlottesville, Va.



U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-23 Port Washington, New York 11050	7
Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me FREE, your illustrated book- let, 'Now You Can Learn To Play Music in Your	
Own Home." I am under no obligation. Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):	Name
Piano Trumpet Ukulele Accordion Cornet Clarinet	Address
Saxophone Organ - pipe, Trombone Steel Guitar Do you have instrument?	[ZIF CODE ZONE NO.]
Yes No Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced rates	City & State. Accredited Member National Home Study Council